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BROKEN FAITH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Buds on the apple-boughs,
And robins in every tree—
Brown on the children's sun-kissed brows,
A softer blue on the tender sea,
Ah, me!
Bees in the maples murmuring,
Brooks on the hill-sides—and yet, oh *spring*,
Thou hast broken thy faith with me!

Broken thy faith with me,
Who have pined for thee so long—
Waiting and waiting patiently
Through all the winter's cruel wrong,
Ah, me!
Climbing the rugged, desolate hills,
To watch in the sky for the faintest thrills
Of the azure yet to be.

Violets sweeten the woods,
And purple the river-sides,
While deep in the shady solitudes
The last sweet bud of the arbutus hides,
Ah, me!
And the treacherous honey-bee stays his wing
To wrong its sweetness;—but yet, oh, spring,
Thou hast broken thy faith with me!

Never a bud is seen
Within my garden walls—
Never a touch of sprouting green:
And the fitful sunlight faintly falls,
Ah, me!
On broken lattice and leafless vine,
Where last year's tendrils bleach and pine,
With bare brown stems between.

June will be here anon,
Flushing the smiling skies—
Putting her bravest garments on,
Flaunting her roses in homesick eyes,
Ah, me!
Which will not smile at the thoughts they bring,
Or weep when they wither;—for thou, oh, spring,
Hast broken thy faith with me!

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,
Author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

There is only one thing in all the world which can give any writer permanent popularity, and that is Truthfulness—truthfulness in feeling, truthfulness in character, truthfulness of description; and this is thine especial quality, most dear and excellent of men, Washington Irving, which, as long as the English language is spoken, as long as purity and good taste are felt, as long as goodness and truth are loved, will give thy works a hold upon the world's heart which never can be loosened. Eloquent nonsense may be the admired of the present day; struggles for the parturition of large thought may excite the world's half compassionate attention for a time; but simple truthfulness is in the end the child we all love, and the one who inherits. I am about to describe places and scenes which you and I beheld more than thirty years ago: may a portion of thy genius give me a portion of thy truthfulness; for genius is but truth.

What did the French ever do that God should have so blessed them with a land the richest and most beautiful, a climate the most genial and the most equable, that ever were known to man? There are barren spots enough, there are cloudy and tempestuous days, there are places devoid of picturesque or rural beauty; but take the Pyrenees and Auvergne, and the Jura, and the Vosges, and Vaucluse, and the Rhone, and the foison plenty of to-day, and the historical memories of yesterday, and the prospects of to-morrow, and there is no land like France. Its inhabitants are too happy. They have nothing to desire but change.

In a spot upon the shores of France, not far from that on which now stands the picturesque and pleasant village of St. Servon, were, at the time I speak of, some four or five small, neat houses of the more comfortable sort, and perhaps fifty dwellings of less pretention, but comfortable, too. Not more than a mile distant was the line where the sea curled and sparkled upon the sand; and the high bank on which the houses were built, was, itself, probably but a barrier which old ocean had himself raised against the rude frolics of his own children.

At the windows of one of the better houses I have mentioned, on one of the first days of October, stood a party looking anxiously towards the sea, on which a small ship, apparently of less than fifty tons burden, had been seen for some hours tacking towards the shore against an adverse wind. That wind was blowing very hard, and though the sky was clear and blue, the waves were running high, and long lines of white crested billows stretched out as far as the eye could reach. The first question which was agitated among those now gazing out was the nationality of the little vessel, and the next was her safety, for although Sir Edward Langdale pointed out to those who stood by, that the wind was off the land, and consequently there was much less danger in her near approach to the shore than they imagined, yet neither Lucy nor Lady Langdale could divert their minds of a feeling of dread. Perhaps all they had lately gone through had served rather to decrease their courage than to augment it, and from the time they had reached the shores of France, an undefined apprehension regarding the fate of him whom they had left behind had grown up almost into a presentiment of coming evil.

In those days it did not very frequently happen that an English vessel entered the port of St. Malo, which, with its beautiful bay, lay some five miles to the left of where the spectators stood, and it was the eagerness with which the peasantry and the fishermen crowded down to the beach to watch the small ship, as well as her peculiar build, that convinced Sir Edward Langdale she was a foreign vessel. He had taken means, however, if not to ascertain the fact more accurately, at least to obtain the opinion of the hardy sailors of the Breton coast, and as they stood there watching, they could see good old Pierrot Lagrange trudging up the hills towards them.

"An English ship, sir, an English ship!" said Pierrot, as he entered. "The men say they saw the flag this morning, though she has got it down now on account of the wind, I suppose."

"See, see," cried Lucy, "they are putting out a boat. Surely no boat can live in such a sea as that."

"Oh, yes," answered Sir Edward, "but it is a bad coast, and it would be better to make for the port."

"They cannot get in, sir," said Pierrot Lagrange, "and there is a large ugly looking ship out there in the distance they might not like to meet with."

"I will go down to the beach and see," said Sir Edward Langdale. "We may be able to give some assistance."

Henry Langdale accompanied his father and Pierrot; and Lady Langdale and Lucy still remained watching with no little anxiety in the heart of each, for every moment the vague apprehension of which I have spoken, increased as they saw the boat first receive what seemed some common sailors, and then two other persons, who, even at that distance, could be distinguished as belonging to a different class. Then came the struggling with the wind and the waves, and, tossed up and down, sometimes nothing but the sail was visible, and sometimes the boat itself in crossing a wave seemed almost tossed up into the air. The distance was long, and made still longer by the oblique course which the wind compelled the voyagers to take, till at length the sail was hauled down, and the crew were seen to take to their oars.

It was a dreadful moment for poor Lucy Langdale, and for nearly twenty minutes the torture of suspense continued, but still the little boat bore on towards the shore, and now doubt became certainty, and fear changed almost into joy; for in the figure which sat in the stern of the boat and held the rudder she felt sure she beheld the form of Bernard March. Not two hundred yards remained to be passed ere the keel would have touched the shore when from some cause, not apparent from the window, the boat seemed to quiver for a moment, and then went over. All was confusion on the beach, and several men were seen clinging to the bottom of the boat. But one plunged boldly into the sea, and while an irresistible scream burst from Lucy's lips, Lady Langdale exclaimed,

"He is swimming, my love, he is swimming. God help your father, he has put off a boat to aid them."

Still the stout swimmer buffeted the waves toward the shore, still the men clung to the capsized boat, and still Sir Edward Langdale, with a gallant crew of fishermen, bore on towards the drowning men. They saw him come nearer and nearer, pause for a moment to rescue the swimmer, and then plying every limb make on towards the little barque. But ere he could reach it three or four of the men dropped from their hold and sank, and only two, it seemed, were taken off.

The dangerous part of the navigation was now to come, for the wind was blowing more fiercely than ever; but the crew of Sir Edward Langdale knew the coast well, and avoiding the sharp current which had caught the other boat, they came steadily on towards the shore, not without labor and difficulty, but in safety.

And where was Lucy Langdale when the bold men on the beach ran down almost to their shoulders in the water and helped to pull the boat ashore? She was hardly a hundred yards distant; for when she saw it, as she thought, as she hoped, out of danger, the impulse overcame her, and without a word to her mother, without preparation, almost without knowing what she did, she rushed forth from the house, and ran down the hill with a step of light.

She saw him, she saw him! as he sprang out of the boat, him whom she had more than once thought lost to her forever. He saw her, too, and in a minute more they were locked in each other's arms.

Nature and natural affection always find a response in the human heart, and the rude peasantry gave a cheer.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Joy amidst sorrow! dear Lucy," said Bernard March, after a short burst of feeling which could not be repressed; "I little thought to meet you on this beach; but, hie thee away to your home, wherever it is, dear girl, and take Henry with you, for your guard. Your father must stay with me for a few minutes."

"Oh, come, Bernard, come!" said Lucy, "I fear to part with you now, even *for* a moment. It seems all so like a dream, I dread to wake and find the vision vanished."

"Alas, dear Lucy," replied the Earl, "there are things beneath yonder rough sea, which prove the vision with all its joys and sorrows but too true. Beneath those wild waves lies a friend—one who has proved himself a friend in need, and indeed; and I cannot suffer his body to be cast on this shore, without some one to tend it. Take Henry with you to protect you; and I will join you soon."

Lucy hung her head.

"It is all mixed!" she said, "can there be nothing like pure happiness, here below? Let Henry stay with you. Protection I need none. There is not one of these rough men who would not protect me. They are all kind to me, as I have striven to be kind to them, since we have been here. I will do what you tell me; but I fear, when I am away, you may be rash in your efforts—no, no, no! I am foolish, Bernard. Forgive me! You will not forget that Lucy has lived only for this hour."

"And, I have struggled for it, against fate," answered Bernard March; "there is nothing I would not do for Lucy Langdale; I would die for her; and, what is more, in these sad times, I have lived for her. I will not even risk the life which God has spared, lest I should bring sorrow upon her for whom that life was saved. Let that content you, my love. I will guard my life for you."

Her father interfered, and urged her to depart; and he and Lord Dartmoor remained upon the beach, while the good fishermen gathered round them.

"There is no use in staying, Messires," said one of the men, in the jargon of the country, seeming to comprehend at once the object of the two gentlemen, "the bodies will not come ashore till the tide turns, and not then unless the wind changes. At least they may be found miles down to the westward. We have seen many a son and many a brother go down in that cursed eddy, and we know were to look for them, after that."

"Then let them be well looked for," said the Earl; "ten crowns of gold a piece, for every body that is recovered! There is no hope, I fear," he added, in a sad tone, "that any one of them is still living."

The fishermen, who had no personal interest in the men who had gone down, and were hardened by the habit of endurance, had almost laughed; but the elder man said gravely,

"They are with Christ. You might as well try to put life into that rock, as to wake them from the sleep they sleep."

A short gaze over the tempestuous sea, showed the Earl that the efforts that he dreamed of—for they were but as a dream—were hopeless; and after a time, and a few more words and promises to the fishermen, he climbed the hill slowly, with Sir Edward Langdale.

"Who is it?" asked the Knight, "I see your mind fixes upon one. I can hardly guess at any one. Who is it?"

"Alas, Sir Edward," answered Bernard March, "it is Richard Langdale, your own brother. Let us say no more now. I shall have to tell the whole story hereafter; and were it not for dear Lucy, I would have wished that the sea had taken me and left him; for, though he has behaved ill to you in days long past, his conduct, since we first met, has nobly atoned for whatever he formerly did amiss."

"May he find peace!" said Sir Edward; "if he ever did me wrong, it is forgiven, and out of mind. 'Tis a sad chance, Bernard; but we had nearly met with one so much more sad, that this seems lighter. Come, let us go on."

They had paused for a short time, and when they resumed their way up the hill, Bernard added, somewhat ruefully,

"When first I took refuge in your house, Sir Edward, I had but a small valise, a good sword, and a brave horse. The valise is beneath yon sea, the sword is a trophy of our foes, and the horse lies on Worcester field. I come to seek my bride, unarmed and on foot."

"She is as glad to see you so, as if you brought her a carcanet of diamonds," replied the Knight. "For all the rest, we will find means; for you must change those dripping garments, at once, and my own Lucette has brought enough, to pay all you promised to the fishermen. I thank the good God, who has given us ease—the third best of all his blessings."

"The third!" said the Earl, in a meditative tone.

"Ay, the third!" replied the Knight. "First love, general love—for my God, for my fellow creatures, a part of my love for God; that is His first and greatest blessing; next, is health of body and of mind; and next, is that ease in worldly circumstances, which gives us enough—no more. We have enough, Bernard; and that is better than a diamond mine."

"I can well believe it," answered Bernard March, "for this day, diamonds had well nigh sunk me beneath those waves. My good kinswoman, Lady Janet, sent me a collar of brilliants for Lucy; and I could not cast it into the waters. I had a few others, which added little to the weight; but I knew I might need them, and would not throw them away either. A straw, they say, will sink a drowning man; and, though I swim well, my strength was failing when the boat came up. Let us on, however, Sir Edward, let us on! All in this world depends upon our dividing our short time well. To be good economists, we must know the value of each moment. I have given too many, perhaps, to things that were hopeless—to things that were over. I must give the rest to that which comprehends the future as well as the past. God grant I be not selfish; for the present is mine own, and to it I must bend all my thoughts."

Let us pass over the next five hours rapidly—nay, without any pause. I will give the reason presently, why I hurry my tale so rapidly on.

The common rude, wooden shutters of a French country house, were up before the windows. The fires, which even October requires, in all but southern climates, were lighted, and the wide hearths burned cheerily with piles of crackling wood. Round about, sat Sir Edward Langdale and his wife, and Henry, and Lucy, with her hand clasped in that of Bernard March. A little behind, but still seated, was good old Pierrot la Grange; for in that house, hired for the occasion, and at that time when sympathetic feelings levelled artificial distinctions, the old servant took place with his masters.

The Earl was telling the history of his escape. We must abridge it; for it was long; each act, each incident having an interest for his hearers, which we should fail to convey were we to attempt the detail.

He had been conveyed to London, he said, by rapid marches—and yet, strange to say, his wound, though severe, had healed gradually but perfectly. His short, somewhat unlawful trial, had taken place, with that of a number of others; and he had said nothing to distinguish himself from the rest. To his surprise, no one came forward to prove against him, aught but that he had fought in opposition to the Parliamentary Army at Worcester; and he was found guilty and condemned as a common soldier. The sentence upon all was the same,—to be banished the realm forever, and sold as slaves to the colonies.

All was dark enough; yet through all, there came a faint glimmer of that blessed light of hope, which teaches, and enables to endure. But, while waiting for the announcement that a ship was ready to carry him to the place of his long banishment, he was told that a stranger, a minister of religion from Savoy, desired to see him, and when the stranger was admitted, he found in him the monk whom he had first met in concealment at the house of his kinswoman, at Childs Wickham, and who had afterwards tended him at Buckley. Long explanations succeeded, and the monk undertook to obtain for him the means of attempting his escape. Then came events of which the Earl himself could give no clear explanation. A large sum of money was procured—probably from the Lady Janet—a necklace of diamonds was brought to him for Lucy, and he was told to be ready to fly to a place of concealment prepared for him, at a fixed hour on the following evening. Then came intelligence that, only an hour later, Lucy was to visit him in prison; and, though to depart without seeing her, cost a bitter struggle, the whole hopes of the future were perilled, and he consented.

The chief jailor was undoubtedly bribed by a large sum, and probably the inferiors were gained by means somewhat similar; but the Earl, to the last day of his life, had a suspicion that Cromwell himself had closed his eyed to much that passed. It was easy to do so; for it could not be expected that, in his position, he should look to details; but we have already expressed our belief that the great warrior never suffered the human sympathies, often evolved by circumstances working upon a naturally kindly nature, to act upon his fixed purposes.

However that may be, Lord Dartmoor met with no impediment within the prison. He seemed to be clothed with the invisible coat of the fairy tale for all the jailors; and about two hours before the visit of Lucy, passed out to the lodging provided for him as quietly as if he were walking freely to his home.

He knew not where she was to be found; but the monk agreed to remain at the prison, and to give her the billet which Bernard left to make her acquainted with his escape and his intentions.

Shortly before her coming, the guards and the turnkeys were changed; but Richard Langdale contrived to linger in the passages, till he heard his brother's ever remembered voice; and then he exhibited the pass he had obtained, and running against poor Lucy, contrived to press into her hand the information he desired to give.

An interval of many days followed ere any vessel could be hired to convey the fugitives to the coast of France; but at length a smuggling cutter was engaged, and the disastrous voyage was commenced.

From the first, the monk seemed impressed with a presentiment that his life was drawing to a close. He threw it not away, he did nothing rashly; but when, finding themselves pursued by a ship of the commonwealth, Lord Dartmoor proposed to land in a boat, and gave a large sum to the unwilling sailors to carry him to the shore, Richard Langdale confided to him papers and jewels of some value, and pressed his hand kindly, saying,

"Remember me."

They were the last words he spoke, for every thought of himself and his companion was occupied by the perils of their stormy voyage to the shore; and the Earl had just said, without reply, "I see, there are people down upon the beach to help us," when the boat got into the cross current caused by the rocks, and went over.

There was many a detail and many a question, and many an explanation, and eager looks and beating hearts, and breaths long drawn, while the narrative was going on; but such was the tale told by Bernard March; and the imagination of the reader must supply minutiæ, some of which we cannot, some of which we will not give.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Very little remains to be told, and that is related solely to gratify those readers who always like to know what became of everybody. The best course to pursue, in order to gratify them, may be to give a picture rather than a narrative, and therein to introduce, at the end of about eight years, the portraits of those who have figured in the preceding pages.

In this work, it has been needful, with painful care, to tread warily, lest I should put my feet in the footprints of those who have previously trodden the same ground.

Though I may admire, I would not imitate; and it is my habit, in writing upon a given time or subject, to put aside all works which have treated of the same themes; but this very course may lead by inadvertence to the fault we would avoid, and bring over our writing a faint shadow of half remembered things in the performances of others. I trust, however, that no such traces of other works will be found here. I took, for my principal character, a young nobleman, a true Cavalier, whose prototype will be easily remembered by those who have studied the history of the "Great Rebellion." I may have altered many of the circumstances, changed many of the details of his gallant and chivalrous life—to embellish them was impossible—but the main facts are correct. His devotion, as a mere boy, to the service of his King, by his brother, one of a race of heroes, his love for the gentler arts of life, and the heroic courage and military skill which won for him the dignity of an Earldom when a mere youth, are here not attributed to him falsely. His portrait may be seen among those in Lodge, and the noble but gentle soul, is beaming from every feature.

In the full pride of health and youth, for he was not yet thirty, he sat before the fair chateau of Mirepoix, gazing at the gambols of the young children, bright and beautiful as those which the great masters of the pencil have taken as their images of blessed spirits, where neither guilt nor passion nor sin have ever entered.

Speaking to him over his shoulder was his dear Lucy, not the least faded by time, but perhaps a little touched by sorrows, which not even the breath of joy and the fragrance of renewed hope, had been enabled entirely to wipe out. But she saw in those children, as they sported on the green, the return of the two brothers she had loved and lost; and there was a strange, mystic connection in memory between the devoted care which she and Bernard had bestowed upon the dear ones gone, and the love and joy found in the dear ones present, which raised up hope, and confirmed faith. It seemed as if they were her dead young brothers come back, and that they were her children.

In the fine old arabesque balcony above, sat Sir Edward Langdale, with his ever dear Lucette; and, as they saw their Lucy say something to her husband, and point to the road, Sir Edward called to him, saying,

"It is Henry, Bernard? I fear more bad news from the Low Countries. God send they may leave us here in peace; but he would not come back if he had not some news to bring."

The Earl of Dartmoor turned his eyes towards the road, where a horseman, apparently a stout young man, followed by several servants, was riding on towards the chateau.

The next moment, one of those who followed pushed forward, spoke a word or two to his leader, as he passed, and then galloped on, without much care of his horse's wind, as he urged him up the hill. He passed the gates, he came on, and all soon recognized the hard features and spare form of good old Pierrot la Grange. It might be he had forgotten the abstinence he had acquired and adhered to, in his latter days. It might be that some joy had produced as much effect upon him as strong wine; but, as he saw the little group at the house, he took off his hat and waved it; and, as he came nearer, he shouted forth, in his still strong voice, the verses which soon became common,

"Oliver Cromwell lies in his bed,
Oliver Cromwell lies in his bed;
The devil came for him before he was dead,
As Oliver Cromwell lay in his bed."

"Dead!" exclaimed Sir Edward Langdale.

"Dead!" said the Earl of Dartmoor; but he added, with a very grave look: "he murdered my king, and he subdued my country; but he was a great man. God rest his soul! Come hither, Pierrot," he continued: "what further news? It is hard to believe that the rebellious spirit of the country should expire with the breath of one man. When came these tidings? are they sure?"

"As sure, my lord, as death," answered Pierrot, who had dismounted, and walked up. "The news reached Brussels a good many days ago. Since then, we have had post upon post, and all men's hearts are raised; for it is clear that the present state of things cannot last any longer."

He judged rightly, it would seem. When power, tranquillity and order depend alone upon one man's life, the future has but frail security. With rapid march events went on: day by day, the tendency of the ever vacillating public mind became more and more apparent; and, in a few months, Bernard March took his seat in the House of Peers as Earl of Dartmoor, and Edward Langdale as Baron Buckley. They were both men of sense and of much experience, yet both were somewhat carried away by the enthusiasm of the day; but both soon found that hope and expectation were mistaken. The agitation of the sea does not subside with the cessation of the storm. The reaction of popular commotion is often as disastrous to the people as its existence; and it is well known that the end of the great rebellion was followed by evils more terrible than those which excited it; but there was a refuge from the tempest, which some were wise enough to seek, and in private life and domestic happiness the two Cavaliers found, at last, that peace, which was only for a short time interrupted by the more peaceful and beneficial changes of 1688.

The End.

SONG.

"WE TWO."

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Let all your looks be grave and cold,—
Or smile upon me still;
And give your hand, or else withhold;
Take leave how'er you will.
No lingering trace within your face
Of love's regard is seen:
We two shall never be
What we once have been.

It is not now a longing day
Divides us, nor a year;
Your heart from mine has turned away,
Nor henceforth sheds a tear.
The winter snow will come and go
And summer shadows green:
We two shall never be
What we once have been.

Ah, no,—the busy hours that bring
Full many a chance and change,
May choose a beggar-boy for king,
Or burst a mountain-range;
The salt-sea tide may yet be dried
That rolls far lands between;
We two can never be
What we once have been.

Hearing With the Teeth.—Lay a watch upon a table, glass side downwards, then stand so far from it that you cannot in the ordinary way hear the ticking. Now place one end of a small stick, say about six feet long, upon the back of the watch, and grip the teeth to the other; with the fingers close each ear to exclude all external noise, the beat of the watch will then be as audible as if placed against the ear. All other sounds can be conveyed in the same manner, no matter how long the stick be; for instance, if one end be put upon a pianoforte in a sitting-room fronting a garden, and the stick be thirty feet long, extending outside the window on to a lawn, if the instrument be ever so lightly played, "the tune" will be instantly distinguished by any person applying the teeth to the opposite end of the stick. Again, if a light bar of iron or any other metal be suspended by a thick string held between the teeth, and then struck with any hard substance, *the sound will appear greater* than by hearing with the ears.—*Notes and Queries.*

Races and Religions.—The whole North American continent has only 36 millions of inhabitants, hardly as much as France or Austria. The whole of Central and South America has only 23 millions; less, then, than Italy. European Russia, with its 60 millions, has as many inhabitants as America, Australia and Polynesia together. More people live in London than in all Australia and Polynesia. China proper has more inhabitants than America, Australia, and Africa together; and India has nearly three times as many inhabitants as the whole of the new world. The result is, that our planet bears 1,288 millions of mankind, of which sum total 522 millions belong to the Mongolian, 369 millions to the Caucasian, 200 millions to the Malayan, 196 millions to the Æthiopian, and 1 million to the American race. Divided according to their confessions, there are 335 millions of Christians, 5 millions of Jews, 600 millions belonging to Asiatic religions, 160 millions to Mohammedanism, and 200 millions of heathens.

Influence of Music.—Napoleon, confessedly the most consummate commander that ever lifted the sword, who by his tactics outgeneraled all Europe, had a strict regard to pieces which were played by the soldiers on particular occasions. Certain tunes were prohibited, others used only under peculiar circumstances, and others used only for the final charge, retained, perhaps, only to let loose with a reserved corps; and, it is stated, on making the famous passage of the Alps, under circumstances the most appalling and dreadful, if the soldiers at any time hesitated in their march, he ordered the buglers to sound their liveliest notes; and if the obstacle was so great as to bring the army to a dead halt, the whole band were ordered to peal forth the charges to battle, which never failed to bear them over the most formidable difficulties.

☞ A Frenchman, wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said, "de *butter* of poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for one year.

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TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Hewitt.
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Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
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In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

NIAGARA FALLS.

We have received from Mr. J. M. Butler, copies of his large and handsome engravings of that wonder of the world, the FALLS OF NIAGARA. One of these engravings represents the American, and the other the Canadian, or Horse Shoe Fall—and they can be framed either separately or together, as may be desired. Each of these engravings is eighteen by thirty-two inches, and finely engraved from views taken by Mr. Hamilton, the celebrated marine painter of this city, whose productions were recently alluded to by Grace Greenwood, in one of her series of "City Sights and Thoughts." The price of the two engravings is Five Dollars, and they can be procured of Mr. Butler, post paid, by remitting that amount.

—— As some of the readers of THE POST may wish to obtain these handsome engravings, and yet not have the five dollars quite convenient to remit for them, we will make them the following liberal offer—which we are enabled to do by a special arrangement with Mr. Butler. If they will send us a club of four subscribers to THE POST, and six dollars—or, at the rate of $1,50 apiece—we will send the getter up of the club one of the above engravings, postage prepaid.

For a club of eight with ten dollars, we will also send one of the engravings; and for a club of twenty, and twenty dollars, we will send as a premium to the getter up of the club *both* of these handsome engravings, the price of which is FIVE DOLLARS. Who wishes to obtain a couple of handsome engravings, worth *five dollars*, at the cost of a little trouble in making up a club of twenty for THE POST?

THE WAR.

The most important item which reaches us by the America, is the rumor of an European alliance against France, in case she crosses the Ticino. The *London Post*, Lord Derby's organ, says:—

People could not see why Austria had invaded Piedmont, and would not go further; her object was to commit France by proceedings which would involve her and all Europe in war. The falling back of the Austrian Generals submits to the same explanation. It is possible that Louis Napoleon's hesitation has reference to a knowledge of the policy of the enemy.—Louis Napoleon is an obtruder on elder royalty, which name he bears. His reckless ambition, hurtful to peace, associated with his recent conduct, would revive the worst prejudices against him; his very despotism rendering him doubly dangerous in comparison with other despots. A combination against him, therefore, would be natural, and that England would join in with; then we would see the history of 1814 and '15 repeated in France.

It is even alleged that Russia has joined in the above alliance, on condition of receiving Moldavia and Wallachia in payment of her treachery to France.

But we have very little faith in this rumor—none at all so far as Russia is concerned. It may be that Prussia and the other States of Germany will consider an attack upon the Italian possessions of Austria a sufficient reason for war—but even this is doubtful. Should Louis Napoleon succeed in driving Austria out of Italy, and then follow up his success by crossing the frontiers of Lombardy, the whole of Germany would make common cause with the house of Hapsburgh—even England, in such a case, might interfere. But so long as the conflict is confined to Italy, we doubt whether even southern Germany will give Austria any more substantial help than her sympathies.

War, however, it must be admitted, like a conflagration, has a natural tendency to spread—at least until it attains certain great dimensions, when this tendency, fortunately for mankind, is reversed. Germany, it is evident, has a strong desire to take part in the fight—and Germany's entrance to the quarrel on one side, might lead to the entrance of other nations on the other. We have not so profound an admiration of Louis Napoleon's sagacity as many have, but we can scarcely conceive it possible that he should have commenced the present contest, without at least an understanding with Russia that she would see fair play. And, if Russia has once given her word to that effect, we believe she will adhere to it.

That Louis Napoleon should be cautious in his movements, is easily explainable without having resort to the idea of a great combination against him. With an enemy in front fully as strong as himself—an enemy who has the choice of ground, and can give battle where he pleases—and who can fall back, if he thinks best, on natural lines of defence strengthened by all the resources of art—the French Emperor has need of caution. Besides, defeat, for him, might be the loss of his throne, and an inglorious exile in England—or America. And defeat, at this distance, and from our point of view, seems to be quite a probability. We should not be at all surprised to see Mr. Bonaparte yet a resident of this city—occupying, perhaps, one of the beautiful villas at Germantown or Chestnut Hill. Such a change for the French Emperor would not seem at all wonderful in this generation—and perhaps, too, it would not be without its good results for France, as it undoubtedly would have a chastening and purifying effect on his own, we are afraid, rather proud and unregenerate spirit.

ORNAMENTAL IRON WORK.—Useful and ornamental, two words which are always thought of together, like the Siamese twins, are exactly the words which describe the beautiful iron work at the large establishment of Messrs. Wood & Perot, on Ridge Avenue, below Spring Garden street, in this city. It is well worth while to spend an hour there, looking at the collection of handsome gateways, balconies, fountains, garden seats, and ornamented iron work of every description, which adorn their warerooms. Among the noticeable things, is the iron statuary, a branch of the business to which, we hear, Messrs. Wood & Perot, have lately devoted particular attention, and as we can testify, with signal success. We saw recently at their establishment, three iron figures, life-size, bearing torches, which are to be grouped together at the base of a beautiful column, the whole forming a lamp for the grounds of the State Capitol at Nashville. The good people of Nashville may be congratulated on the possession of so fine an ornament.

Among other remarkable iron work, was an iron mausoleum, designed, we believe, for a gentleman in New Orleans. But the most remarkable specimen of their workmanship was a cast iron fabric, ordered by the State of Virginia, and to be placed over the tomb of Monroe, at Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond. It is of metal throughout, cast in the form of a gothic temple, and altogether as beautiful a piece of architecture as the country can show. It is eight feet wide, eleven in length, and twenty-one in height. Seen in the cemetery grounds, in its proper relation with the landscape, its effect must be very fine. In this age and land of unfinished monuments and unmonumented graves, such a memorial as this to Monroe is doubly creditable to the public spirit of Virginia. We may add that the number of orders which Messrs. Wood & Perot constantly receive from the South, as from other parts of the Union, fairly prove that our Southern fellow-citizens have a good share of the artistic taste distributed through the country.

☞ At the Annual Regatta of the New York Yacht Club, last week, the New Yorkers were handsomely beaten on their own waters—the Madgie, Dawn, and Flying-Cloud, of Philadelphia, carrying off three of the prizes, and the Haswell, of Pawtucket, R. I., a fourth. The only New York victor was the Deer, which sailed over the course alone, and could not well have beaten herself. Singular, that the boats of a "little *inland* village" should outsail those of the "great *commercial* metropolis!"

THE CAVALIER.—We conclude this week, Mr. James's novel. For the information of those who wish to possess it in book form, we may state that it will be published at once by the firm of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, "done up in two volumes, paper cover, price One Dollar; or handsomely bound in one volume of five hundred pages, cloth, price $1,25." "Orders," they state, "will be supplied in the rotation they are received."

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

MERCHANT. We do not think that mercantile business in general is considered "by the world or society, as honorable as the professions." Of course, in special cases, where the interests concerned are very large, or require the exercise of unusual sagacity, the verdict of society is in accordance therewith. One employment is just as honorable, in a certain sense, as another—street-sweeping as framing or executing laws, or penning "immortal poems." Thus the poet says:—

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

But in another sense, it is evident that an employment is more or less honorable in proportion as it demands the possession of the higher qualities of our nature—the higher faculties of the mind and soul. Thus the professions—of the ministry, the law, and medicine—naturally take a higher rank than the mere business of effecting the transfer of commodities from country to country, or from the producer to the consumer. In proportion to the intellectual or spiritual character of an employment, it necessarily takes rank in society. Thus, though often laughed at, "wholesale" naturally takes precedence of "retail" in society, as demanding a greater amount or better quality of brain for its successful management.—Any one almost can peddle pins or buttons, but a man must have good business qualifications to succeed as a merchant, in proportion to the extent and complication of the interests involved in his business.—As to your other questions, from 25 to 30 years of age is by no means too late to begin business—in fact, many men just begin to "know how to do it" at thirty. As to locations for doing business in the South and West, we cannot advise you. A man's own neighborhood is generally as good as any other.

MORE HONORS. We have been elected "an honorary member of the Demosthenian Literary Society of Fairview Seminary"—and have ordered a copy of THE POST sent to our fellow members of that Society also. We wonder how many more societies we shall be elected a member of, if we always send the paper in return for the honor? Let us see.

N. A. I. A man may write excellent novels, or fine essays, or make a capital speech, without being able to write good editorials. The reason is this: Journalism requires in an especial manner, the power of condensation. The editor must often say in half a column, what the essayist or the novelist would take five times the space to express—he must be able to see the strong points of any matter, and then speak them right out. A tendency to verbosity and diffuseness and amplification, may be an excellent thing in a novelist or an essayist or an orator—but it will not do for a journalist. Therefore it is that a man may write the very best of novels, as Mr. Dickens does, and yet his journalism prove a failure, as Mr. Dickens's did. As to your question, "What is a good newspaper article?" it is easier asked than answered. Some of the editorials of the *London Times* are very good specimens of what a newspaper article should be—concise, nervous, pithy, and conveying the impression that the writer is thoroughly master of his subject, and therefore has a right to speak as with authority. A good newspaper article generally suggests more than it expresses—it does not exhaust the subject, as an essay may properly do, if it can. The editor says, in effect, "here are the heads of my thought, think it out for yourself."

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jr., who everybody knows, once sailed Two Years Before the Mast, and took notes "as he sailed, as he sailed," has again been voyaging, not now before the mast, nor out into the wide world, but in the steamer Cahawba, and to visit the Queen of the Antilles. The result of the note-taking this time, is a volume entitled TO CUBA AND BACK; A VACATION VOYAGE, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) which has the excellent quality of making the reader feel as if he had been a partaker of the author's experience. After reading it, Cuba becomes familiar to the thought, and all its profuse and picturesque, languid and luxurious tropical life and scenery, dwell like a memory in the mind, and like a picture in the mind's eye. We see the poetic and sensuous side of Cuban life; we see it as an artist would see it; and it is also shown to us in a graver aspect, as an example of society and government under other principles than ours. Mr. Dana does not look with an approving eye—as who can?—on the condition of affairs in that island. He sees the philosophy of Spanish rule in the colors of the Spanish flag as it floats over the towers and guns of the Morro Castle—red and yellow, which translated is, blood and gold.

Who is Paul Morphy's secretary? Whoever he is, he celebrates in fine style the chess victories of the great American, in a book entitled THE TRIUMPHS OF PAUL MORPHY. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) A fresher and livelier book one seldom meets with. It tells the whole story of Morphy's exploits, shows his well-won trophies, and, incidentally, gives us an account of Harwitz and *his* proceedings, anything but creditable to that chess-bully. Everybody, after reading the story of his behavior, will rejoice that he was so handsomely "taken down" by the brilliant young Creole. Harwitz and Staunton are twins in disgrace among all the Continental chess-players, as regards their conduct toward Morphy.

Under the title of PRAIRIE FARMING IN AMERICA (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) Mr. James Caird, a British member of Parliament, and an eminent agriculturist, has published a thin volume of notes of travel in the West, from Illinois to Minnesota. The favorable report he makes will probably act in Great Britain as a powerful incentive to emigration, and perhaps influence people here in the same way, besides furnishing us with information regarding the agricultural capacities of the Upper Mississippi valley—information important, because collected by an experienced and practical man, who can foresee the harvest in the soil.

A good deal of wit and some wisdom may be found in a waggish book of definitions called THE TIN TRUMPET (Appleton & Co., New York.) It is an English re-print. Here are some specimens of its fun: "ABSCESS—a morbid tumor, frequently growing above the shoulders, and swelling to a considerable size, when it comes to a head with nothing in it. It is not always a natural disease, for nature abhors a vacuum." "ANNUALS—illustrated.—The second childhood of literature." "MINORITIES—it would be an entertaining change in human affairs to decide everything by minorities. They are almost always in the right." Such sarcasms as these give a fair idea of the lighter notes of "The Tin Trumpet."

Theism, Atheism, Pantheism, Deism, together with Kant, Hegel, Strauss, Schleirmacher, Compte, Theodore Parker, Emerson, Mr. Newman, Mr. Maurice, and other German, English, and American heresiarchs receive their gruel from a distinguished Oxford lecturer, Mr. Henry Longueville Mansel, in a work entitled THE LIMITS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT EXAMINED, (Gould & Lincoln, Boston.) It is needless to say that the work is both able and interesting. It might be objected, however, that it tends to awaken thought on the merits of the systems and persons attacked.

The life of an amiable, ardent and resolute missionary, the Rev. C. N. Righter, who did much to spread the Scriptures abroad in the East, has been written by Dr. Prime, under the title of THE BIBLE IN THE LEVANT (Sheldon & Co., New York). THE CHRISTIAN GRACES, (Sheldon & Co., N. Y.,) is the name of a book of Lectures, by Rev. Jos. P. Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle. ICHABOD; or, THE TREE OF EXISTENCE, (Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.,) is the title of a book of poems by Mr. James Challen. Only men and women will read books like these, but the boys will read with delight THE BOOK OF MODERN TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, (Appleton & Co., New York,) which tells briefly some of the best feats and enterprises of the best travellers.

☞ Lo, the winter *is* past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.—*Scriptures.*

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR G. H.—

Hearing Mr. Chapin for the first time, I consider an event in my life fully worthy to be recorded. He gave here a few nights ago, his great lecture on "The Orders of Nobility." I rejoice that I have again seen an orator, of the true natural type, which happily, is never wholly lost to the world, however false taste may prevail—an orator independent of artificial rules, belonging to no school—free, strong, individual—showing no marks of painful study, no struggle after effect—with nothing in him of the mountebank, and nothing of the Turvey-drop.

The lecture was a grand effort, if effort it can be called, seeming as it did, the natural, instinctive evolvement of an affluent intellect, containing all elemental energies and conditions, and of a large, manly and earnest nature. It was a profound and vigorous sweep of thought, islanded by passages of the most gorgeous imagery and stately eloquence.

Mr. Chapin has a noble voice, and great power and freedom in action. He speaks as though every sentence were propelled by passionate heart-strokes, and the gesture is always in perfect correspondence with the thought—a visible echo. He is very large—his great rich tones seem to come from an exhaustless vocal reservoir—a chest well filled with the airy clothing of thought;—his ponderous body is yet not gross—is no dull weight of "too, too solid flesh," so instinct is it with the fine, electrical fire of the brain—so all alive with a generous, genial, complete humanity.

How grand it must be to stand forth, in the quiet assurance of such affluence and strength, and send through vast audiences tides of thought, imagination and passion—wave after wave, sweeping over hushed and thrilling hearts!—and then to feel the swift, inevitable reflux of sympathy and enthusiasm, pouring over the soul in floods of new inspiration and power.

As we were returning home from this magnificent lecture, we heard a young gentleman just before us, talking of it, in the *blasé*, blatant tone of a thorough snob, of the smallest intellectual calibre.

"Well"—he drawled out—"I must say that I have been immensely disappointed to-night—that's so."

"Disappointed!" exclaimed a lady at his side—"why I thought it a very fine lecture."

"Really?—well, I suppose it was a fair performance, but you see I had rather high expectations, and the speaker didn't meet them—so, you see," he added, in the tone of an ill-used individual, "I can't help feeling disappointed—and I wish I hadn't come."

Unfortunate orator, who failed to meet the expectations of such a nice young man, who is evidently one of the dissatisfied, *nil-admirari* spirits, whose anticipations come down at the Falls of Niagara, who criticise the comet's tail for lack of length and brilliancy, who would think Mont Blanc and the Glaciers vastly overrated affairs,—who, like Sir Charles Coldstream, would look into the crater of Vesuvius and find "nothing in it"—who would pronounce the earthquake that lately shook his grim old sides, as with violent fits of demoniac laughter—"no great shakes."

The truth of the matter is that it is the extreme delicacy of our young gentleman's mental organs of digestion, rather than their strength, that renders him incapable of absorbing and assimilating the strong meat of the lecturer's manly thought, the pungent sauce of his wit, and the rich, red wine of his glowing imagination. Better for the interesting youth the weakest noodle soup of sentimentality and commonplace, the daintiest syllabub of fancy, and the small beer of pleasantry and puns.

I have been much grieved to hear by a late steamer, of the sudden death of Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham. Two or three weeks of my first summer in England were spent at his house, and by his beautiful hospitality, and thoughtful, delicate kindness, he added the warm sentiment of personal attachment to the reverence and admiration I had long felt for him.

Mr. Sturge was a true Quaker, after the order of Fox—a Friend, not alone like too many of the straiter sort, of and with his sect, but toward all mankind—the whole, wide varying family of God.

I suppose there was not in the world a man of more active and wide-spread benevolence. From the narrow door-way of his most unpretending home, flowed silently and incessantly forth a flood of loving beneficence, such as never yet poured through the wide and stately portals of a palace, on the world of suffering and want, which ever lies like an arid and melancholy waste around the fairy-lands of fortune and pleasure, the green oases of happiness and ease.

Possessed of an immense fortune, acquired in honest trade, he lived in the utmost simplicity, allowing himself and his household no expensive luxuries, and giving away in charity, year after year, every surplus pound of his great income.

Most unostentatious was he in manner, and gentle in speech. The grave never shut over a more serene and loveable face than his. Heaven looked out of it,—it bloomed with the blossoming of a pure and beautiful spirit. It was touched in many of its lines with womanly grace and tenderness,—it had in it all the innocence, peace and trustfulness of happy childhood. It was a face that ever shone into the dwellings of want and care like a star of hope, tender and benign. The poor always looked for it with longing, and looked after it with blessings.

Oh, what a bitter rain of tears must now be falling on the turf which hides that face from human sight forever!—falling from sad eyes which never more may look to him for help, or comfort.

It was marvellous to me to see how after long years spent in toiling and pleasing for the unfortunate and the incapable—in giving, giving, giving, often to unworthy objects, and with the most unthankful and disheartening returns, he was still fresh, humble, and hopeful, in that divine spirit of charity, which "suffereth long and is kind"—which "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up"—which "believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

He truly abounded in good works, and in his exhaustless sympathies, his all-comprehending compassion and love, he seemed—I speak it with reverence—absolutely Christ-like.

Oh, it seems to me that his gentle and benignant spirit must even now be yearning over his forlorn flock of earthly beneficiaries—must be seeking to inspire other souls to take up the great, divine work which the sudden death-shock shook from his faithful hands,—the work by which he blessed, and was blessed.

How distinctly rises before me now the pleasant, kindly face of the beloved old man,—the clear, blue eyes beaming with a welcoming smile, the smooth, white forehead, the soft, brown hair, silver-touched with only an added beauty, the ruddy cheeks, the sweet, tremulous mouth. I can see him at table, with his lovely young wife and his happy group of children; or out on the lawn among the flowers and pets—for dearly did he love flowers and all God's innocent creatures.

He had great delight in ministering to the happiness of the little folk. While I was at his house, he took several hundred children, mostly of the poorer class, on an excursion to Nottingham. Such things he was doing constantly—they were not the events, but the daily, natural occurrences of his life. Because every now and then he rained divine charities in a great bounteous shower, he did not withhold the dews of human kindness from the world around him. There is such a thing as *neglecting* the "tithes of mint and cummin" while attending to "the weightier matters of the Law." This was surely not his fault. Amid his vast enterprises of benevolence, he thought no good work too small for him to engage in—no grief or wrong too insignificant for his notice—no opportunity to gladden or lighten a human heart to be despised. I suppose it were impossible for any save the angels to trace the thousand channels by which his love and pity found its way to the poor, the sick and the oppressed—through which the "waters of life," welling up perpetually in his soul, reached the parched and fainting lips of weariness and pain.

He was a happy man, because of a perpetually healthy and even temperament, a natural and obedient life, a beautiful faith, and the means he enjoyed for aiding the helpless and ministering to the suffering. Yet his great heart often grieved over the mighty sorrows he could do nothing to alleviate, and his serene spirit was sometimes disquieted within him, by the monster evils which oppress the world, banish happiness from millions of the human family, and bar out Christ from more than half of His rightful heritage. His love for children rendered him painfully alive to the fearful want and privation, the forced ignorance and crime of the children of the lowest classes in English towns and cities. Hence his earnest advocacy of Reform Schools, and his labors and sacrifices in their behalf.

How many poor children will weep for him who first lifted them from misery and vice, and told them of a God of love and mercy—proving his words by his deeds. And they will pray to that God to send them another such friend, and almost despair while they pray.

Mr. Sturge had a peculiar horror of war, and of the disasters, crimes and sufferings which it brings in its train. He felt that the world was always worse, never better, for its fearful baptisms of blood and tears. It was this which caused him to undertake that expedition of Christian Quixotism to the Court of the Emperor of Russia, in the beginning of the Crimean war.

We know that his mild remonstrance did not prevent, or arrest the fighting, and the slaughter by pestilence and the sword. Nicholas was not a man to be turned from his purpose by any human argument, or persuasion. Had a host of angels even, descended before his army, to stay its advance, he was almost capable of ordering his Cossacks to charge on them. Yet he received Mr. Sturge and his *confrères* most courteously, and listened to them with great apparent attention and respect.

I can imagine the English Friend, a man of small stature, standing in his quaint, simple costume, in the splendid audience-chamber, before that grand, impassive, majestic figure, pleading in earnest and solemn words for peace—that "peace and good will" which angels joyfully proclaimed over Judea, on the night when Heaven bowed to earth, in the gift of a Redeemer.

I can but think that the kindly entreating eyes of the Christian gentleman, as they met the cold, gray eyes of the Emperor, looked some momentary regret and relenting into his soul—that the gentle voice of remonstrance cleft his marble heart with a pang of human pain, for the desolation of countless homes, the sorrows of widows and orphans soon to be. And it seems to me that from the icy Alpine heights of his grandeur he must have caught sight of a humbler and better life, in the peaceful "valley land"—a life green with spontaneous virtues and simple joys, kept fresh by the flow of human sympathies, flowering with Christian graces and bearing bounteous fruits of goodness and honor.

This Quaker intercession failed, and the warmad "world's people" laughed, when tears would have been more fit for many of them, to whom they came a little later, plentifully and very bitter—drowning in their hearts all thoughts of glory and pride of victory.

This intercession failed—but afterwards the hero of peace took a glorious revenge, in "*The Conquest of Finland*"—when he sailed triumphantly along its shores, carrying aid and comfort to the poor who had suffered privation and loss from the damage done by the gun-boats of the allied squadrons—building up the battered hamlets, feeding the starving and clothing the naked.

What voyage of bold adventurer, or pious crusader—what most heroic expedition of discoverer, ever equalled in moral grandeur this perilous winter cruise among the stormy North Seas?—this divine mission of pity and succor, in the track of battle and the face of tempests?

In Whittier's beautiful poem in honor of this characteristic enterprise of his noble friend, occurs this stanza:—

"God bless her!" said the coast-guard,
"God bless the ship, I say,
The holy angels trim the sails
That speed her on her way."

In that lone ship, beating its way through the chill brine of the Baltic, sailed one who once voyaged over the calm summer waves of Galilee and Gennesaret. Christ the Lord was in the ship—and it almost seems that it must have left a wake of heavenly light on the dark, wintry sea.

Clear and luminous yet, and long shall be, the track through life of that loving and faithful soul which has passed beyond our horizon, sailed away to the morning-land, and anchored in some pleasant port on the heavenly shore. God give the good ship rest!

It seems fitting that Baron Humboldt and Joseph Sturge, the *savant* and the philanthropist, should depart at about the same time—though the former was much older than the latter, and the world had long been looking for his going, with reluctant expectation, while we hoped to keep our friend yet many years. Both were benefactors to the race—one through his brain—the other through his heart. One revealed the Creator, through science—the other the Redeemer, through works of love and mercy. One advanced the world through knowledge—the other left to mankind sublime examples of goodness and self-sacrifice. They were widely separated here, but it may be they will fraternize *there*. Adieu,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

☞ Printers' errors are sometimes laughable. A young clergyman printed a sermon, the subject of which was the necessity for moderate and rational recreation, in which occurred the passage, "Men should work and play too." The want of a stroke ruined it, and the religious world was scandalized by reading, "Men should work and play loo."

☞ Out of good men choose acquaintances; of acquaintances, friends.—*Bishop Hall.*

☞ The editor of the Carlisle American grinds out to the listening earth the subjoined:—

I've gazed on thy beauty resplendantly fair
And, oft have admired that nutty brown hair,
While the blush o'er your cheek as rapidly travelled
As a 2.40 hoss on a road newly gravelled
I've gazed on that beauty by the brilliant gas light
On that figure so graceful—so slender—so slight,
And I've tho't of that beauty—that it might soon fade,
And that part of that soft hair was surely a braid.

☞ Sir Richard Jebb, M. D., used to tell a story of himself which makes even rapacity comical; I had it from the lady to whom he told it. He was attending a nobleman, from whom he had a right to expect five guineas, but received only three. Suspecting some trick on the part of the steward, from whom he received it, he, at the next visit, contrived to drop the three guineas. They were picked up, and again deposited in his hand; but he still continued to look on the carpet. His lordship asked if all the guineas were found. "There must be two still on the carpet," replied Sir Richard, "for I have but three." The hint was taken as he meant.—*Miss Hawkins's Anecdotes.*

☞ The courage that dares only *die*, is on the whole no sublime affair; necessary indeed, yet universal; pitiful when it begins to parade itself. On this globe of ours, there are some thirty-six persons that manifest it, seldom with the smallest failure, during every second of time.—*Carlyle's Essay on Boswell's Johnson.*

A problem is not solved, impatient sirs,
By peeping at solutions in a trice;
When Gordius, the ploughboy-king of Phrygia,
Tied up his implements of industry
In the far-famed knot; rash Alexander
Did not undo by cutting it in twain.

☞ Those who hold that a people should accommodate themselves to the policy of their rulers, might as well teach that a man should be cut and clipped by his tailor to fit his garments.

☞ A lady's cheek is compared by flowery poets to a rose. If a lover steals a kiss, we suppose it becomes "a cabbage-rose!"

☞ Teach a child there is harm in everything, however innocent; and so soon as it discovers the chest it won't see no sin in anything. That's the reason deacons' sons seldom turn out well, and preachers' daughters are married through a window. Innocence is the sweetest thing in the world, and there is more of it than folks generally imagine.—*Sam Slick.*

☞ A NOBLE ANSWER.—A friend sought to comfort the wife of the great French general, the Marshal de Villeroy, after the defeat of the latter by Marlborough at Blenheim, by saying that, thanks to Heaven, the Marshal had escaped uninjured. "That, indeed," she replied, "is enough for me, but it is not enough for him."

☞ "The wellspring of love," says that charming old essayist, Maximus Tyrius, "is the beauty of the soul gleaming upwards through the body. And as flowers seen under water appear still more brilliant and exquisite than they are, so the flower of the soul seems to manifest additional splendor when invested with corporeal loveliness."

——————HE

That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it;
And at best shows but a bastard valor;
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up till it be forced;
Nor will I; he's not valiant that dares die;
But he that boldly bears calamity.

☞ During a part of the reign of Louis XIV. Lord Stair was English ambassador at his court. One day, at a dinner of dignitaries, a minister of the "*grand monarque*" rose to propose a toast to "the sun, the emblem of my master, the centre of the universe!" The pledge being duly honored, Lord Stair stood up and gave "Joshua, the emblem of England!"

☞ "CURSES ARE LIKE CHICKENS."—Dinna curse him, sir; I have heard a good man say, that a curse was like a stone flung up to the heavens, and maist like to return on his head that sent it.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE IMPERIAL JOURNEY—A HISTORICAL TOILET—THE EMPRESS-REGENT—COMPLIMENT TO A PHILADELPHIAN—GETTING MORE THAN WAS ASKED FOR.

Paris, May 19, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Emperor has been now nearly a fortnight in Italy, yet no fighting, beyond a few unimportant skirmishes between the outposts of the two armies has yet taken place. On leaving Paris, amidst the plaudits, cheers, flags and flowers, that marked the sympathy of a very large class of the Parisian public with the enterprise on which their ruler was bound, the Emperor's progress through France to the coast was a perpetual ovation, and he was received in Marseilles more like a conqueror than an untried general setting out on his first campaign. When he reached Genoa, at 2, P. M., of the 12th, half the city had turned out in gaily-decked boats to witness his arrival. Thousands of ladies in full-dress filled these boats, waving handkerchiefs and streamers, and casting flowers into the boat which brought their imperial ally to land. All the shipping in the harbor, including English and other vessels of war, saluted, and followed the Reine Hortense into port. In the town itself, all accounts concur in saying that the enthusiasm of the people baffles description. Received at the landing-place by Prince Carignan, (Lieutenant of the Kingdom during the King's stay with the army,) Count Cavour, and the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, French Ambassador at the Sardinian Court, he was conducted at once to the palace, the streets being crowded with rejoicing Italians, every house decked with flags, every window filled with ladies and children, and flowers being showered before the Emperor's carriage at every step. When he had entered the palace, accompanied by French and Sardinian soldiers, the cheering outside was so vehement that his Majesty was obliged to come out on a balcony and show himself, when the *vivats* recommenced more loudly than ever. In fact, the good Genoese seem to have done little else that day but gather in crowds under the palace-windows, and ease their feelings by these incessant shoutings in honor of their ally, and of Italian independence. In the evening the town was splendidly illuminated. Two days afterwards the Emperor left, with the King, who had come to Genoa to welcome him, for Alessandria, at which the French head-quarters are established, and which is, at this present writing, a French fortress. From this country troops are still taking their departure daily; and immense stores of ammunition and rations are being sent off with as much haste as ever and on as large a scale. The passage of the snow-covered Mont Cenis has caused much delay and suffering to the French troops; but the warmth with which they are everywhere received in Piedmont will doubtless assist them to get the better of the effects of this laborious march. Alessandria is crammed with French troops, who are quartered in almost every house. Several streets have been roofed in with canvas, and serve as stables; the Cathedral having been converted into a dispensary and pharmacy.

The gathering-point of the Piedmontese is Occimiana, and that of the Austrians has just been removed to Garlisco. The latter occupy the right or Piedmontese bank of the Ticino, their left extending beyond the junction of that river and the Po, to the neighborhood of Stradella, where the French, should they succeed in revolutionizing Parma and Modena, are likely to strike a blow. It seems probable that they have resolved on an entirely defensive plan of warfare. Could they have seized Alessandria, the principal stronghold of Piedmont, by a *coup de main*, it would no doubt have been a master-stroke; but that place is far too strong to be taken otherwise than by a regular siege, and the French left them no time for such a deed. The Austrian position is one of the strongest in the world; and they will hardly be inclined to quit it in order to give their enemies the pleasure of fighting them at a disadvantage. The Tyrol and the territory of Trieste must supply them with reinforcements; and it would be a fatal mistake on their part to leave the Milanais and Venetian territory exposed to the operations of an enemy posted at Spezzia, or acting upon them from the Adriatic, of which the French have the complete command. The Ticino is more than two hundred miles from the eastern frontier of Italy; and the largest and bravest army might well be unwilling to be so far removed from the nearest point which could be considered friendly ground.

If the accounts we receive here of the conduct of the Austrians in Piedmont be true, they would seem to be bent on making their name as hateful to the rest of Europe as it is already to Italy. It is asserted that they clear off food, clothes, fodder, recruits and money, wherever they appear; seize and carry off the women, murder and imprison the men, insult and shut up the authorities, make *razzias* on the post-offices, sending off letters, documents, money-bags, everything they can lay their hands on, to headquarters; and not content with clearing the country of all its available produce, and laying the various towns and villages under exhaustingly heavy contributions, they cut down every tree and bush, and trample on the young crops, converting those lovely and fruitful plains into a wilderness. At Vercelli, they have cut down the noble avenue of gigantic plane-trees, over two hundred years old, which formed the favorite promenade of its citizens, and the glory of the town. At Novara they are said to have compelled the people to furnish 750 oxen in six days, and other stores in the same proportion. At Como, the appearance of a flag, bearing the Italian colors, on the Borradello Tower—much to the amazement of the population—is declared to have been made the pretext for the imposition of a fine of 70,000 florins (six thousand pounds sterling), in default of which the town was to be given up to two hours' pillage. The poor little town managed to pay the sum, enormous for its resources; but the worst part of the incident, according to these statements of the Turin papers, is the fact that the tower, being entirely in Austrian hands, the Italian flag must have been hoisted by them, as no one else could possibly have had access to it. Austria, if these statements are correct, would seem to consider it much more convenient to raise supplies for her army from the enemy's territory than from Lombardy, which she is said to be filling with the supplies thus barbarously obtained; so monstrous are the exactions and the cruelties of the Austrians, that Victor Emmanuel has just written with his own hand to Count Gyulai, asking him whether his troops are to carry on the war as soldiers or as robbers? A demand to which the stolid insolence of the Austrian General will probably return no other answer than that of fresh outrages to the Piedmontese subjects.

The arrival of Louis Napoleon at the seat of war would, it was supposed, be speedily followed by some dashing and brilliant operations; but he seems, up to this time, to be more intent on enlarging and fortifying his position, than on making an immediate demonstration of his plans. As he can only be strengthened by the adhesion of the people of Italy, of whom he professes to wish to be only the deliverer from a foreign yoke, he may be not unwilling to postpone his active operations in the field, in order to give time to the various fractions of the Italian population to join the allied standards. Austrian influence is at present paramount in Parma and Modena; but a few days may possibly see these Duchies pronounce in favor of Italian unity. The King of Naples, though he has lingered so long on the very verge of the grave, is now known to be incurable, and to be in a state which must very soon be terminated by death. The Neapolitans are burning to make a demonstration in favor of Sardinia; and Louis Napoleon may be calculating, not unreasonably, on the chances of some popular movement in case of the sovereign's decease. That the court feels its danger is shown by the fact that Austria has been unable to induce its whilome dependant to join her in the offensive and defensive alliance which she has been vainly endeavoring to persuade it to enter into with her. It is just possible that, in the event of the King's decease, the young heir to his uneasy crown might be disposed, if he could count on the friendship of England and Germany, to inaugurate an era of constitutional reform, as the sole chance of saving his dominions from being absorbed into the Sardinian dynasty, or given over a second time to the Murat princes. No change of policy is to be hoped for during the life of Bomba; but his son, though brought up in the strictest bondage may perhaps have seen enough of the inconveniences resulting from his father's system of government, to be willing, in the precarious position in which he finds himself, to listen to wiser counsels than those which have desolated his beautiful native land under his father's sway, shutting it out from the sympathies of the leading nations, and threatening the downfall of his dynasty.

But speculations on this, as on the other points connected with the present complication of affairs in Italy, are necessarily premature, and of little value. Slow as all parties seem to be in following up the struggle so hastily rushed into, it is evident that a few months, if not weeks, must be fertile in events which can hardly fail to impart a new form to the elements on which such speculations are based; and that we must be content to await the result of much now beyond our ken, before we can venture to predict the influence which the present struggle is destined to exert on the fortunes of Italy and of the world. Would to Heaven that either the teachings of History, or the antecedents of Louis Napoleon's own career, could warrant the hope that the happiness and regeneration of the loveliest and most unfortunate country of Europe may be securely advanced by the armed interference of a nation which has hitherto proved, in its dealings with Italy, as tyrannical, rapacious, and oppressive as Austria herself!

However much, and justly, we may deprecate the hasty appeal to arms of which, though Austria gave at length the signal, there can be no doubt but that Louis Napoleon has been the real instigator, and that in accordance, with deep-laid plans of no recent date, it is impossible not to hope most heartily that Austria will be now driven out of Italy, and that the Italians will have a chance of settling among themselves what government they choose to set up. That Louis Napoleon is a man of immense and omniverous ambition, and that other motives than respect for Italian liberty have prompted his course, his most ardent admirers can hardly doubt. On the other hand, those who least love him will hardly deny that he is a man of large and subtle intellect, and quite capable of understanding how much more glorious a position he may make for himself in Europe by magnanimously contenting himself with the honor of having freed Italy from the Austrian yoke, than by substituting French domination in place of Austria. He would be a bold prophet who should assert that such will really be his course, supposing him to be victorious, as it can, I think, hardly be doubted that he will be; yet equally bold would be the judgment that should declare such a course to be improbable. The fact is that Louis Napoleon is still so much a problem that it is difficult to say what he may, or may not do; and however little faith we may be disposed to place in his honor, veracity, or disinterestedness, those who have most closely watched his course, will be the first to admit that he is quite clearheaded enough to see the advantage he would reap from contenting himself with the glory of having removed the stumbling-block of Austrian misrule from a field in which it had become a chronic danger to all Europe, and to appreciate the risk to himself of allowing the war to assume the proportions to which it must attain, should he seek to gratify his personal ambition by aggressions for the sake of territorial aggrandizement.

The Empress has presided at several Councils of Ministers, and signed several state papers in her quality of Empress Regent. She has also just held a reception which was more numerously attended than any of the former ones. Her Majesty walked slowly round the rooms, addressing a few remarks to almost all the guests, and displaying a grace and tact that won universal admiration. The following anecdote, illustrative of her own kindness of disposition and that of the Emperor, is just going the rounds here among the American residents. Your townsman, Dr. Evans, being in attendance on the Empress on the Saturday preceding the Emperor's departure, happened to mention that an aged townsman of his, Mr. Arratt, of Philadelphia, was very desirous of seeing the Emperor before his departure for the United States, but that, his Majesty's time being so fully occupied just then, there seemed little chance of the old gentleman's wish being gratified. The Empress said that she thought the matter might be easily arranged, as the gentleman might be in the Bois de Boulogne, near the lake, in the afternoon, when the Emperor drove out, and would then be sure to see his Majesty. In accordance with this suggestion, Mr. Arratt was driven to the lake at the time indicated, and the Imperial carriage soon after drove by at a walking pace, but with nobody in it. Their Majesties, however, soon issued from a side walk, and on seeing Dr. Evans, the Emperor signified to him to approach, and inquired of him where was the old American gentleman. The answer was that, from his very advanced age—not less than 82—he had some difficulty in getting out of his carriage.

"Oh, if that is the case," said the Emperor, "I will go to him," and getting into his low phaeton, which was following, drove slowly towards the spot where the aged American was seated, in his carriage, and raising his hat as he drew near, remained uncovered until he had passed out of his line of vision. The gratification of Mr. Arratt at this favor was extreme; and the Americans here very naturally interpret the Emperor's condescension as a compliment not merely to their venerable countrymen, but to the American people generally in his person.

The astonishing success of the new Government loan has naturally furnished the topic of an infinity of articles in the journals glorifying the "wealth," "prosperity," and "patriotism" of the French people, their unshaken confidence in the Emperor, and their approval of the war. So great has been the eagerness to take part in the loan, that the amount subscribed actually reached the enormous sum of $300,000,000, just three times the amount demanded! Over a million of persons are understood to have subscribed; the shares taken being often as small as two dollars. Those who have been excluded from the loan are much disappointed, but may console themselves with the strong probability that they will have plenty of opportunity for coming forward on a similar occasion at no very remote period.

Notwithstanding the preoccupations of the moment, an immense number of people turned out, on Saturday evening, to witness a trial of the new system of lighting by electricity which was made in the main avenue of the gardens of the Tuileries at half-past nine o'clock. So intense is the light given by the new apparatus, that persons standing by the obelisk of the Place de la Concorde could read with ease the inscriptions upon the base of that ancient pillar, while those nearer the apparatus seemed to be clad in white. The new apparatus has a reflector which turns on a pivot, and allows of the light being thrown in any direction, and concentrated at will upon any object.

Discoveries of antiquities are the order of the day. In a recent letter I mentioned the fact than an exquisite antique Venus, to be called the "Venus of Rome," was recently dug up in the neighborhood of the Eternal City. A letter from Cairo, in the *Constitutionnel*, states that M. Mariette, the well-known archæologist, has just found, at Thebes, the veritable coffin of Pharaoh Amosis. The King lies in a coffin completely covered with gold leaf, with large wings painted on it. Thirty jewels of great value were found in the coffin beside the King, also a hatchet in gold, ornamented with figures in lapis lazuli. It was this gentleman who, some years ago, found the jewels in the tomb of Apis which now form the principal ornament of the Egyptian museum at the Louvre. The jewels now found are more numerous and finer; and, altogether, this coffin is the most important discovery yet made by M. Mariette.

QUANTUM.

Wherever we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten,
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

—James Russell Lowell.

☞ The Princess Volkonska has been nearly killed in the Bois de Boulogne, at Paris, in consequence of an accident caused by the preposterous size of her dress. So numerous and so fatal are many of these accidents, that, when it is said a lady is "dressed to death," it must mean that she wears crinoline!—*Punch.*

☞ Let a good thing be well said. Expression is valuable, as well as thought.

Therefore justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the court of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray *for mercy*;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

—Shakspeare: Merchant of Venice.

☞ "Pray don't darn your cobwebs," was Swift's advice to a gentleman of strong imagination and weak memory, who was laboriously explaining himself.

SLAVE MARRIAGES.—A very interesting report has just been submitted by the Convention of the South Carolina Episcopal Church, at their session in 1858, in respect to the marriage of slaves. The following is the substance of the decision arrived at by the committee:—The relation of husband and wife is declared to be of divine institution, and to be equally binding on the slave as on the master. The injunction of the Saviour, forbidding the separation of husband and wife, is obligatory on the master, and every master should so regulate the disposal of the slaves as not to infringe the divine injunction. Voluntary abandonment on the part of a married slave ought to come within the same rule as in the case of a free person; but when the abandonment is involuntary, and caused by circumstances without the control of the parties, the refusal to allow a second marriage would often produce much evil and hardship; but in giving its sanction to such second marriage, the Convention would do so in the qualified language of the apostle—

"If they cannot contain, let them marry; for it is better to marry than to burn."

The report makes the remarkable statement that *there is no instance in South Carolina of a legal divorce.*

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

THREE DAYS LATER—NO BATTLE YET—AUSTRIANS RETIRING—REPORTED EUROPEAN ALLIANCE AGAINST FRANCE—EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AT THE SEAT OF WAR—BLOCKADE OF AUSTRIAN PORTS, &c., &c.

The America brings Liverpool advices to the 21st—three days later.

Gen. Dodge, Minister to Spain, and lady, are passengers by the America.

The latest news from the seat of war states that no collision had occurred, but that the positions of the troops were such that a battle might be expected at any moment. Retrograde movements were still the order of the day with the Austrian troops, the head-quarters of which had been removed to Gallasto, a point not more than ten miles distant from the Ticino river, and about twenty miles from Pavia.

There was a vague report that the Emperor of Austria, accompanied by General Hess, had reached Milan, and had departed from thence on the route to Pavia. It was expected that the Austrian troops would remain inactive until the Emperor reached headquarters to assume the command.

The Liverpool Post publishes, on what it calls reliable information, that the passage of the Ticino, by the French troops, will be the signal for an European alliance against France, and for the Austrian troops to march on Paris. It says also that Russia is to join Austria, and her reward for what looks like treachery, is to be the cession of Moldavia and Wallachia.

The shipping interest of Great Britain is greatly agitated as to the conveyance of articles contraband of war.

Lord Malmesbury, in his reply to a special inquiry, says that the neutrality proclamation was not intended to prohibit the exportation of coal, or any other article, but he warns the subjects of Great Britain that they do not carry for the use of one belligerent articles which are contraband, as the Government will not interfere in their favor in case of capture.

An Imperial decree of Austria increases the direct and indirect taxation.

In the Federal Diet, Prussia declared that, though adhering to her protest against the posting of the Federal corps on the Rhine, she did not object to its being established as a matter of form. The proposal was referred to a commission.

There were inclinations, on the part of the Italian refugees located on the Swiss frontiers, to stir up a revolution in Lombardy. Their efforts were put down by the Swiss troops, who seized a quantity of guns and powder.

Fugitives and deserters able to bear arms are to be forbidden to pass from the territories of one belligerent power into the territories of the other.

All the channels to the Venetian capital are blocked up, and all the ports on the Adriatic are blockaded by French squadrons—a large number of vessels being engaged in enforcing a strict blockade. Twenty Austrian vessels had been captured.

The London Times correspondent in the Austrian camp says that a naval attack on Venice would have no chance of success, every channel to the port being quite blockaded by sunken vessels, and ships loaded with stone lying close by, ready to be sunk at a few minutes' notice, and thus close up the small remaining passages. Guns of large calibre are placed in positions to command the channels thus obstructed.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says that the French squadron is not to attack Venice, but merely to blockade the port for the present.

Prior to the retreat from Verselli, the Austrians continued their exactions on the inhabitants, filling them with consternation, as they were not in a condition to satisfy the demands.

During the night of the 17th, a party of one hundred Austrians escaladed the bridge at Valenza through a breach, and made a fruitless attempt to take it.

The official Sardinian bulletin says that the Austrians occupy the right bank of the Po, as far as the castle of San Giovanni, with 12,000 troops.

The fortifications on the bridge of Stella, for the purpose of protecting the retreat of the Austrians, are continued.

An order of the day, published by the King of Sardinia, gives the names of those who signalized themselves in the first military operations.

TURIN, May 19.—Yesterday several detachments of Austrians advanced to Caprisco, near Sangermined, driving off the cattle and firing at the peasants. Our troops assailed the enemy at San Germino, but they withdrew to Vercelli, which they this morning vacated, after blowing up two arches of the bridge on the Sesia. Our troops occupied Vercelli this afternoon.

The Austrians, with their artillery, are still on the left bank of the river.

A despatch from Pavia, dated the 19th ult., says the head-quarters of the Austrians are removed to Gallasco. Great movements of the troops have taken place, and a collision is expected to-day or to-morrow.

Rumors from other quarters state that a battle is considered imminent, but the London Times considers it almost certain that June will have began before any great blow is struck.

The following is the official French bulletins:

ALESSANDRIA, May 17.—The Emperor went to Valencia yesterday to view the position of the vanguard and the course of the river Po.

He visited the King of Sardinia to-day. The weather is now better.

ALESSANDRIA, May 18.—The organization of the army is now going on actively. The repairs of the damage by the Austrians to the roads, bridges and railroads are going on rapidly, and will soon be completed.

It is reported that Gen. Giulay had sent word to the Austrian government that the supply of provisions were beginning to fail in Piedmont, and that he would be unable to retain the position he occupied more than fifteen days.

The French government, it is said, has received information that four Russian corps d'armee had moved towards the Austrian frontiers.

A Norwegian bark bound to Venice had been stopped by a French frigate and informed that all the Austrian ports except Trieste and Ancona were blockaded. The commander of the fortress at Venice, had received no notice of the blockade.

Fifteen French men-of-war had been seen near Cattaro on the coast of Dalmatia.

ENGLISH ITEMS.—The elections in England for members of the House of Commons, were concluded, and the ministerial papers claim that the Derby party has been strengthened by the addition of twenty-three members.

The Queen's speech to the new Parliament is not expected to be delivered before the 10th of June.

The London News says that the Liberals will insist on taking up the Reform question where it stood at the dissolution.

The eight large steamers of the European and American Company have been bought on speculation by Messrs. Lever & Howard, of Manchester.

It is said that the English Government will shortly invite tenders for a monthly mail to Australia via Panama.

Twenty thousand landsmen have been enrolled in the British navy.

The chartering of vessels to France as troop or store ships was regarded as illegal.

LONDON, Saturday.—The Times' city article, under date of last evening, says that complete stagnation continues in the stock exchange. The scarcity of stock having been somewhat relieved, prices closed about an eighth lower. The discount market is very dull; good bills of two or three months being discounted at 3] to 4 per cent.

Gold continues to be taken from the bank for export.

The bills of Sevastopolo & Sans, a Greek firm, in London, were yesterday returned. They were engaged in the foreign corn trade. Their liabilities are not large.

A fair business has been done at the Bank, chiefly with regular customers.

The bank house of Trannel & Co., at Augsburg, has failed.

The Bank of Shuringia has also suspended, owing, it is said, to the flight of the manager.

FRANCE.—Baron Gros and the French fleet in China have been recalled.

The Corps Legislatif has been prorogued to the 28th of May.

SWITZERLAND.—The Swiss Federal Diet has resolved to prohibit the exportation of arms by the inhabitants.

ASIA.—The overland mail from India supplies Bombay dates to the 26th of April, and later advices from China.

The insurgent Tantia Topee had been tried, sentenced, and executed.

The death of the former Chinese Commissioner, Yeh, is announced.

At Bombay exports were active and imports firm.

Le Nord says that the Russian Government has ordered the first, second, third and sixth *corps d'armee* to be placed immediately upon a war footing, with all their artillery and cavalry reserve to be called in, and the soldiers on furlough to rejoin, and to be ready to march within three months. These are supposed to be the corps which rumor has already placed on the march to the Austrian frontier.

It is reported that Napoleon intends to lay the foundation of a large National Italian army, of no less than two hundred thousand men.

The Tuscan army, under Gen. Ulloa, is the nucleus already formed.

The English Government is about to contract for four hundred thousand rifles.

The Portuguese Government has proposed to Spain a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive, but Spain refuses, on account of Portugal's alliance with England, which might compromise that liberty of action which Spain intends to pursue.

The Italian Committee daily sends off from England numerous volunteers, to be enrolled in the legion about to be formed at Turin.

THE MARKETS.—COTTON.—May 20.—There has been a decline on all qualities of Cotton, since Tuesday's report, amounting to ⅛@¼d. on fair and middling qualities, and still more on inferior. Landing Cottons are unsaleable. A pressure on the market was made by holders, and it closed dull at the following authorized quotations:

	Fair.	Middling.
New Orleans	7¾	6¾
Mobile	7	6¾
Upland	6⅞	6⅝

The stock in port is estimated at 585,000 bales, including 501,800 bales of American.

STATE OF THE TRADE.—The Manchester advices continue unfavorable. Yarns are slightly lower. There is, however, a better demand for India goods.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence, & Co.'s Circular reports that the Breadstuffs market opened on the week with an advancing tendency, and all qualities were better, but subsequently Flour fell 3@4d. from the quotations of Tuesday, the market closing dull at 11s.@14s. 3d.

Wheat also fell 4d, closing very dull and without buyers, at the following quotations: Western Red, 8s@10s 9d; Western White, 10s 6d@11s 2d; Southern, 10s 9d@13s.

Corn closed steady at the nominal quotations; Mixed, 6s 8d@6s 11d; Yellow, 6s 10d@7s 3d; White, 8s@8s 9d.

The weather has been favorable for the crops.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET—The Circulars report Provisions generally steady.

Beef heavy, and 5s@10s lower, in consequence of the recent heavy arrivals. Pork steady, closing firm. Bacon firm, and 1s higher. Lard firm, but quiet.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET.—Sugar quiet, and the inferior qualities are quoted lower. Coffee quiet, with a slight advance on the lower qualities. Rice heavy. Rosin firm at 4s@4s 3d. Spirits of Turpentine steady at 43s 6d@44s, on the spot, and 42s@42s 6d, to arrive.

Pot Ashes quiet at 31@33s, Pearls quiet; Fish Oils, sales unimportant; Linseed Oil 30s@30s 6d; Rosin firm at 4s@4s 3d for common, 10s 6d@16s 6d for fine; Tea is in but little inquiry, and prices weak.

LONDON MARKETS.—Wheat buoyant at the opening, and prices advanced 3@4d, but the market closed dull.

Iron—Welch Rails dull, and offered at £5 15s@£6; Sugar heavy, and 6d lower; Turpentine Spirits heavy, and slightly lower, sales at 44s.

Iron Bars dull; Sugar heavy and 6d lower. Tea firm and ¼d better; Common Congou 1s 2d; Linseed Cakes declined 2s 6d@5s; Fish Oils, sales unimportant; other articles unchanged.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, May 20.—The London Money Market is slightly easier; Consols are quoted at 91¼@91⅜; the bullion in the Bank of England has increased £154,000 during the week; the quotations for American stocks are unchanged.

LATEST LONDON MONEY MARKET.—London, Saturday, 11 A. M.—Consols opened at last night's quotations.

AMERICAN SECURITIES.—Messrs Baring Brothers report the market for American Stocks generally unchanged. Messrs Bell & Son quote the market as quiet, but steady at the close.

The latest sales were: Illinois Central sevens of 1860 (Freeland) 85½; do sevens 69¼@70; Erie Railroad sevens, third mortgage, 57@58.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The First Battle on the 21st of May.

FIGHT AT MONTEBELLO.

ST. JOHNS, N. B., June 4.—The steamship City of Washington, which left Liverpool on the 25th ult., and bound to New York, has been intercepted off this point by the Associated Press' news yacht.

Her news is of great importance, as announcing the first important blow in Italy. The Allied and Austrian forces have met, and the latter been defeated.

The battle between the Austrians and the allies took place at Montebello, a town of Austrian Italy.

[There are two towns of Montebello in Italy, as described in the Gazetteers. The despatch does not give the position of the one at which this battle took place. One of the Montebellos is a town of Austrian Italy, ten miles S. W. of Vicenza, and is defended by two castles. And the other a village twenty-three miles E. N. E. of Alessandria, where the Austrians were defeated by the French in 1812. It will be seen that the posts were occupied by Marshal D'Hilliers, of the French army. By the previous accounts, this General was posted in the main road from Novi to Genoa.—*Reporter of the Associated Press.*] [The Montebello referred to, is, of course, the one near Alessandria.—*Ed. Post.*]

The battle of Montebello took place on the 21st of May. The Austrians, who were commanded by General Stadion, attacked the posts of Marshal Baraguay D'Hilliers. They were driven back by Gen. Morris's division, after a furious combat, which lasted four hours. The Allies carried Montebello, but did not pursue the Austrians. Two hundred of the Austrians, including a Colonel, were captured and taken to Marseilles.

The Austrians were 15,000 strong. They lost 2,000 men.

The Allies lost 700; among whom were many officers.

The Austrian account of the battle of Montebello simply states that Gen. Stadion pushed forward a reconnoissance, by a forced march, toward Begtio and Montebello, but after a hot fight with a French force of superior strength, retreated behind the Po in perfect order.

The actual force of the French is not stated. It is reported, however, that it numbered 6,000 men, besides a regiment of Sardinian cavalry.

A bulletin issued by the Sardinian government announces that the extreme left of the Sardinian army, under Gen. Baldini, had forced a passage over the river Sesia, putting the Austrians to flight.

Gen. Garibaldi had entered Gravellona, on the Piedmontese side of Lake Maggiore, with 6,000 men, his object being to create a revolution. His purpose is to push forward into Lombardy.

Prince Napoleon and a small force has arrived at Leghorn, for the purpose probably of supporting the Sardinian authority in Tuscany.

Revolutionary movements are reported in Lombardy.

The King of Naples is dead, and Francis I. has assumed the government of Naples.

It was rumored that six English men-of-war had entered the Adriatic Sea.

Political differences have arisen between Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell.

The defeat of the Derby Ministry is anticipated in the meeting of Parliament.

The British Admiralty has formally invited tenders for the carriage of monthly mails to and from Australia, via Panama.

A general meeting of the stockholders of the Atlantic Telegraph Company had been called to sanction the agreement with the Government, and to issue £600,000 of new capital.

The Paris Moniteur announces that France adheres to the abolition of privateering, and the principle that "the neutral flag covers the enemy's goods."

The Paris Bourse closed firm, and threes were quoted at 65f.

COMMERCIAL.—The Liverpool Cotton market was quiet; prices were somewhat lower, but there is no change reported in the quotations. Breadstuffs were dull, and Provisions steady.

On the London 'Change Consols closed at 90⅞a92.

If 'tis not true philosophy,
That the spirit when set free
Still lingers about its olden home,
In the flower and the tree,
It is very strange that our pulses thrill
At the sight of a voiceless thing,
And our hearts yearn so with tenderness,
In the beautiful time of Spring.

—Willis.

☞ IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION.—I acknowledge the all but omnipotence of early culture and nurture: hereby we have either a doddered dwarf bush, or a high-towering, wide-shadowing tree! Either a sick yellow cabbage, or an edible luxuriant green one.—*Carlyle.*

☞ The Anagram for Austria is *rastari*, Latin for "to lay waste"—a business in which that country has been engaged for centuries.

☞ LOOKING NICE.—A term invented to keep boys off the grass, and make girls consumptive. In our opinion, dirt is one of the very elements of health, and no boy should be denied his legitimate share thereof. Clean children are always "pale and interesting."

☞ Among the early English Miscellanies of the 15th century, published by the Warton Club, is found this familiar proverb:—

"In olde termys it is found,
He that lovythe me, lovythe my hound,
And my servaunt also."

☞ Mr. Wordsworth, the great English poet, once said to an American visitor, with whom he had talked a long time on the English and American systems—"I am chiefly known to the world as a poet; but I think that during my whole life, I have given ten hours' thought to politics to one for poetry." The visitor said in reply, "I am not surprised at that, for the spirit of your poetry is the spirit of humanity; and the grandest visible form of human interests, is politics."

☞ Avoid quotations unless you are well studied in their import, and feel their pertinence. My friend ——, the other day while looking at the skeleton of an ass, which had been dug out of a sand-pit, and admiring and wondering at the structure of that despised animal, made a very *mal adroit* use of one:—"Ah!" said he, with the deepest humility and a sympathy worthy of La Fontaine, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

☞ I hold that every man is a debtor to his profession, from the which as men do, of course, seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves, by way of amends, to be a help and an ornament thereunto.—*Lord Bacon.*

☞ He had not outlived his sorrow, had not felt it slip from him as a temporary burden, and leave him the same man again. Do any of us? God forbid. It would be a poor result of all our anguish and wrestling, if we were nothing but our old selves at the end of it—if we could return to the same blind loves, the same self-confident blame, the same light thoughts of human suffering, the same frivolous gossip over blighted human lives, the same feeble sense of that unknown, towards which we have sent forth irrepressible cries in our loneliness. Let us rather be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form, as forces do, and passing from pain into sympathy—the one poor word which includes all our best insight, and our best love.—*Adam Bede.*

☞ "Yes," said a kind mother of one of our city churches, helping her little son learn his Sunday-school lesson, "Cain was a fugitive and vagabond on the earth; he was so bad that he thought every man would slay him. Where could wicked Cain go?" "Why, mother," replied thoughtful Johnnie, "Cain could have gone to New York."

☞ Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow creatures love and respect. If we strive to become then what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—*Rev. Sidney Smith.*

WORTHY books
Are not companions—they are solitudes;
We lose ourselves in them and all our cares

☞ An English officer at Venice, walking one day from the Doge's Palace, thought he observed one of the figures on the clock-tower of St. Mark's stoop down and take up something. He looked again, and he positively saw the figure take a pinch of snuff! The officer confessed that he was apprehensive he was losing his senses, or that his vision was deranged, when an old woman, observing his consternation, soon explained the seeming miracle, by telling him that one of the figures that struck the hour being out of repair, her nephew was engaged as a substitute till the machinery was put in order.

☞ A generous virtuous man lives not to the world, but to his own conscience; he, as the planets above, steers a course contrary to that of the world.—*Bacon.*

WHO TOOK IT?

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROCK," "THE RED COURT FARM," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

My partner, Mr. Brightman, had been for years the confidential solicitor of Sir Ralph Clavering, a physician, whose baronetcy was a new one. When Sir Ralph gave up practice, and retired to an estate he bought in the country, a Mrs. Clavering, a widow lady, whose husband had been a distant cousin of Sir Ralph's, entered it with him, to be his companion and housekeeper. It ended in his marrying her, as such sort of companionships often do end, especially where the man is old and the woman young and attractive. Mrs. Clavering was poor, and no doubt she played for the stake. The heir presumptive to Sir Ralph's title was his nephew, Edmund Clavering, but his fortune he could leave to whom he would.

Sir Ralph Clavering died; and Mr. Brightman went to the funeral: it was a very short period, indeed, previous to his own death. When he returned to our office it was evening: the clerks had left, and he came up stairs into my room.

"Take this off my hat, will you, Charles," he said. "I can't go home in it, to be stared at: and Mrs. Brightman has a superstitious resentment against a hatband going into the house."

I unpinned the black silk, folded and laid it on the table. "What am I to do with it, sir?"

"Anything. Give it to Leah for a Sunday apron. My lady treated us to a specimen of temper," he added, as I put the silk on a tray, which Leah would be coming up to fetch. "She thought to inherit all, and is not satisfied with the competency left to her."

"Who does inherit?" I eagerly asked: for Mr. Brightman had never enlightened me, although I knew that he had made Sir Ralph's will.

"Edmund Clavering. And quite right that he should: the estate ought to go with the title. Besides, setting that consideration aside, Sir Edmund is entitled to it quite as much as my lady. More too, I think. There's the will, Charles; you can read it."

I glanced my eyes over the will. Lady Clavering had a competency, but the bulk of the property was left to the inheritor of the title, Sir Edmund. I was surprised.

"I thought she would have had it all, Mr. Brightman. Living so estranged as Sir Ralph did with his brother, even refusing to be reconciled when the latter was dying, and the estrangement extending itself to the son, Edmund, I certainly thought Lady Clavering would have come in for it. You thought so too, sir."

"I did, until I made the will. And at one time it was Sir Ralph's intention to leave it mostly to her. But for certain reasons which arose, he altered his plans. Good, sufficient reasons," added Mr. Brightman, in a marked manner; "he imparted them to me when he gave instructions for his will. *I* should have left her less."

"May I know them?"

"No, Charles. They were told to me in confidence, and they concern neither you nor me. Is the gas put out in the next room?"

"Yes. Shall I turn it on?"

"It is not worth while. That hand lamp of yours will do, if you will light it. I only want to put up the will."

I took the lamp, and lighted Mr. Brightman into the other room; his, exclusively. He opened the iron safe, and deposited Sir Ralph Clavering's will inside it.

Very soon after this, before the will was proved, Mr. Brightman died. Sir Edmund Clavering then sought an interview with me. I had never acted for him; Mr. Brightman always.

"Can you carry my business through, Mr. Strange?" he proceeded to ask, after expressing his shock and regret at Mr. Brightman's sudden fate.

"I hope so. Why not, Sir Edmund?"

"You have not the legal knowledge and experience of Mr. Brightman."

"Not the experience; because he was an old man, and I am a young one. But, so far as practice goes, I have for some time done most of the business; Mr. Brightman confining himself chiefly to the seeing clients. You may trust me, Sir Edmund, I assure you."

"Oh, yes, I dare say it will be all right," he rejoined. "Do you know that Lady Clavering and her cousin—my cousin also—mean to dispute the will?"

"Upon what grounds?"

"Upon his incompetency to make one, I suppose—as foul a plea as ever false woman or man invented. Mr. Brightman can prove—Good Heavens! every minute I forget that he is dead," broke off Sir Edmund. "How unfortunate that he should have gone just now."

"But there cannot fail to be proof of Sir Ralph's competency. The servants about him must know that he was sane and healthy in mind."

"I don't know what her schemes may be," rejoined Sir Edmund, "but I do know that she will not leave a stone unturned to wrest away my rights. I am worse to her than gall."

"On account of the money going to you."

"Ay, for one thing. But there's another reason, more bitter even than that."

Sir Edmund looked at me with a peculiar expression. He was about my own age, and would have been an exceedingly pleasant man, but for his pride. When he could forget that, so far as to divest his manner of it, he was warm and cordial.

"Her ladyship is a scheming woman, Mr. Strange. She flung off resentment at first, as Mr. Brightman was a witness to, but then her tactics changed; and before Sir Ralph had been three weeks in his grave, she contrived to intimate to me that we had better join interests together. Do you understand?"

I did not know whether to understand or not. It was inconceivable.

"She offered herself to me; my willing wife. 'If you will wed no other woman, I will wed no other man—' How does the old ballad run? Not in plain terms, but in terms sufficiently plain to be understood. I declined; declined to join interests; declined *her*; and so made her my mortal enemy forever. Do you know her?"

"I never saw her."

"Take care of yourself, then, should you be brought into contact with her," laughed Sir Edmund. "She is one of the most fascinating of women; irresistibly so; had she been any but my uncle's wife—widow—I don't answer for how it would have gone with me. By the way, Mr. Strange, did Mr. Brightman impart to you Sir Ralph's reason for devising his property to me? Mr. Brightman would not tell me what it was."

"No, he did not. Sir Ralph intended, I believe, to bequeath most of it to his wife, and he changed his intention quite suddenly. So much Mr. Brightman told me."

Sir Edmund remained silent, apparently thinking, and then rose to leave.

"The will must be proved without delay."

"I will see about it almost immediately, Sir Edmund. It would have been done this week, but for Mr. Brightman's unexpected death."

"Why do you sink your voice to a whisper?" asked Sir Edmund, as we were quitting the room. "Do you fear eavesdroppers?"

I was not conscious that I had sunk it, until recalled to the fact by Sir Edmund.

"Every time I approach this door," pointing to the one opening into the other room, "I feel as if I were in the presence of the dead. He is lying there."

"What—Mr. Brightman?"

"It is where he died. He will be removed to his late residence to-night."

"I think I will see him," cried Sir Edmund, laying his hand on the door-handle.

"As you please. I would not advise you." And he apparently thought better of it, and went down stairs.

I had to attend the Vice-Chancellors' Court—law business must go on with little respect to the dead. Upon my return, I was in my clerk's room, speaking to Lennard, when a carriage drove down the street, and stopped at the door. The white blinds were of course down, (white by courtesy, for they were dirty and yellow), but one of the clerks peeped out.

"It's a mourning-coach," cried he.

"A mourning-coach!" I exclaimed. "What is the undertaker thinking of?" A hearse was to come that night at dusk, and I thought he must have misunderstood his orders.

"It's not that sort of mourning-coach, sir," interposed Lennard, who now peeped out at his window. "It is a gentleman's chariot, painted black; the servants are in deep mourning."

Allen went out and brought back a card.

"The lady wishes to see you, sir."

I cast my eyes on it. "Lady Clavering." And an involuntary smile crossed my face, at the remembrance of Sir Edmund's caution—should I ever be brought into contact with her. But what could Lady Clavering want with me?

She was conducted up-stairs, and I followed, leaving my business with Lennard until afterwards. She was already seated in the very chair that, not two hours previously, had held her opponent, Sir Edmund; a very handsome woman, dressed as coquettishly as her widow's weeds allowed. Her face was beautiful, but her vanity spoiled her. Every glance of her eye, every movement of her head and hands, every word that fell from her lips, was a display of her charms, and a demand of admiration. Sir Edmund need not have cautioned me to keep heart-whole; one, so vain and foolish, would repel rather than attract me, even though gifted with beauty rarely accorded to woman.

"I have the honor of speaking to Mr. Strange? Charles Strange, as I have heard Mr. Brightman call you," she said, with a smile of fascination.

"Yes, I am Charles Strange. What can I do for your ladyship?"

"Will you promise to do what I have come to ask you?"

The more she spoke, the less I liked her. I am a frank man in manner, but I grew reserved to her.

"I cannot make a promise, not knowing its nature, Lady Clavering."

She picked up her long, jet chain, which hung down to her knees, and twirled it about in her fingers.

"What a frightfully sudden death Mr. Brightman's has been," she resumed. "Did he lie ill at all?"

"No. He died suddenly, as he was sitting at his desk. And, what renders it more painful, no one was with him."

"I read the account in Monday's paper, and came up at once to see you," resumed Lady Clavering. "He was my husband's confidential adviser. Were you in his confidence also?"

I presumed she meant in Mr. Brightman's, and answered accordingly. "Partially so."

"You are aware how very unjustly my poor childish husband strove to will away his property. Of course the will cannot be allowed to stand. At the time of Sir Ralph's funeral, I informed Mr. Brightman I should take some steps to assert my rights, and I wished him to be my solicitor in the matter. But no; he refused; and went over to the enemy, Edmund Clavering."

"We were solicitors to Mr. Edmund Clavering before he came into the title."

"Mr. Brightman was; you never did anything for him," she hastily interrupted; "therefore there is no obligation on you to do anything for him now. I want you to act for me—and I came all this way to request you to do so."

"I cannot, Lady Clavering. I have seen Sir Edmund since Mr. Brightman's death, and have undertaken to carry on his business."

She threw herself back in her chair, and looked at me from under her vain eyelids.

"Leave him, Mr. Strange; you can make a ready excuse, if you will. Mr. Brightman held all my husband's papers, knew all about his property, and there is no one so fit to act for me as you, his partner. I will make it worth your while."

"What you suggest is impossible, Lady Clavering. We are enlisted in the interests—I speak professionally—of the other side, and have already advised with Sir Edmund, as to the steps to be taken, in the suit you purpose to enter against him. To leave him for you, after doing so, would be dishonorable."

She shot another glance at me from those mischievous eyes.

"I will make it well worth your while, I repeat, Mr. Strange."

I could look mischievous, too, if I pleased, and had in my days; but she could read nothing in my gaze then, as it met hers, but what was as sober as old Time. Her eyes dropped.

"I have heard Mr. Brightman speak of Charles Strange, as a thorough lawyer; and as a *gentleman*; somewhat over-fond of the world's vanities."

"Not over-fond, Lady Clavering. Joining in them occasionally, at proper time and place."

"Well—I did not think a gentleman"—laying a stress upon the word, as she had done before—"would have refused to act on my behalf."

"Lady Clavering must perceive that I have no other alternative."

"Who is Edmund Clavering, that he should be preferred to me?" she rejoined, with some vehemence.

"Nay, Lady Clavering, circumstances compel the preference."

A silence ensued, and I looked at my watch—the lawyer's hint. She did not take it.

"Can you tell me whether, amidst the papers which Mr. Brightman held, belonging to Sir Ralph, there are any letters of mine?"

"I cannot say."

"Some of my letters to Sir Ralph, are missing; and I think they may have got among the papers by mistake. Will you look?"

"I will take an early opportunity of doing so."

"Oh, but I mean now. I want them. Why cannot you search now?"

I did not tell her why. In the first place, the Clavering papers—not including the will—were in the room where Mr. Brightman was lying, and there were other reasons.

"I cannot spare the time to-day, Lady Clavering. I will search the beginning of next week. But, should there be any letters of yours here—of which I assure you I am ignorant—you will pardon my intimating that it may not be expedient to give them up."

"What do you mean? Why not?"

"Should they bear at all upon the cause at issue, between you and Sir Edmund Clavering—"

"But they don't," she interrupted.

"Then, if they do not, I shall be happy to enclose them to you."

I rose as I spoke, and waited for her to rise. She did so—but advanced to the window.

"My carriage is not here yet, Mr. Strange. I sent it to fetch a friend, who is going with me into the city. It will not be long."

I begged her to remain as long as she pleased, but to excuse me, for I had pressing business; and I went down stairs.

When I had finished my directions to Lennard, I hastened out, having an appointment in the Temple, and was away, perhaps, twenty minutes. As I turned into Essex-street again, Lady Clavering's carriage was bowling up it. I raised my hat, and she bowed to me, leaning before another lady, who now sat with her, but she looked white and scared. What had gone with her brilliant color? In the passage, when I entered, stood the clerks, every one, and Lennard among them, some with a laugh on their countenances, some looking as white and scared as Lady Clavering.

"Why, what is this?" I exclaimed.

They all scurried into the office, except Lennard, who stayed to explain. "You must have met Lady Clavering's carriage, Mr. Strange?"

"Yes."

"A minute or so before it came for her, cries and shrieks were heard from the rooms above; startling, awful shrieks they were, and we all hastened up. Lady Clavering—"

"Well?" I impatiently cried, looking at Lennard.

"She had gone into the next room, and seen Mr. Brightman," he whispered. "It took three of us to hold her, she shook so, and it ended in a burst of hysterics. Leah and Watts came flying up from the kitchen, thinking somebody was being murdered."

I was sorry to hear it; sorry that any woman should have been exposed to so unpleasant a fright. "But it was her own fault," I said to Lennard. "Why could she not have sat still? Why need she have gone into other rooms than the one she was shown to?"

"What right had she to go into them? I should say," returned Lennard. "And the best of it was, she laid all the blame upon us: asking what business we had to put dead people into public places."

"She is a curious sort of woman, I fancy, Lennard."

On the following Monday morning I set to professional business in right earnest: the previous week had been intermixed with other business, besides professional. One of the first things to attend to was to get the will of Sir Ralph Clavering proved, and I unlocked the iron safe to procure it. Nothing was ever placed in that safe but wills and title-deeds, and they were never placed anywhere else. But where this particular will was hiding itself I could not tell, for I turned over every paper the place contained without coming to it. "More haste less speed," cried I to myself, for I had been doing it in a hurry, "I must have overlooked it."

So I began again, and went through the papers carefully, paper by paper. I had not overlooked it, for Sir Ralph's will was certainly not there.

Now, was I awake or dreaming? Was there a fairy in the walls to remove things, or was the house bewitched? or what was it? Only the Saturday week previously, that bag of gold disappeared in the same singular manner; nay, in a more singular one, for that was safe half an hour before it was missed, but the will had had more time to disappear in. I went and examined the Clavering papers, but it was not amongst them; and I searched desks and other receptacles, though certain, beforehand, that it would not be found in any of them. And it was not.

I called up Lennard. "Do you know anything of Sir Ralph Clavering's will? I cannot find it."

"It must be in the safe," he replied.

"It is not. Lennard, this is very strange: first the bag of gold, and now the will!"

"Oh, but it cannot be," returned Lennard, after a pause of thought. "That the gold went appears to be too plain; but who would take a will? The gold might be a temptation, if any stranger did get into Mr. Brightman's room that night, but—"

"It has been proved, almost beyond doubt, that no one did get in: and yet the gold went."

"True," returned Lennard. "But I was going to observe that, though the gold might be a temptation, the will would not be."

"Lennard—there's something not canny at work, as the Scotch say."

"Do not think it, Mr. Strange," he replied, warmly. "The gold appears to have gone in some mysterious manner; but the will cannot be gone. Depend upon it, it is in the safe."

Now I had a great respect for Lennard's judgment, but I had as great a one for my own eyesight. It would be better to convince him. I unlocked the safe again, and taking out the parchments, one by one, handed them to Lennard, that he might read the titles of each. "There," said I, when we reached the last, "is the will amongst them?"

Lennard's face assumed a grave hue. "This is very extraordinary," he exclaimed. "Mr. Brightman would not put it anywhere else."

"He never put a will up in any place but this, since I have been with him, Lennard. But, to make sure, I have looked in every drawer, and cupboard, and desk. It is gone after the gold."

"No, no," he cried, almost in agitation, "it has not, it has not; I never will believe it."

One very slight hope occurred to me—that Mr. Brightman might have given it into the custody of Sir Edmund Clavering: but then, Sir Edmund would surely have said so, when he spoke to me about proving the will. The loss of the gold was nothing to this, for that had been replaced at the cost of £30, and there was an end of the matter; but this loss could not be replaced, and there was no knowing what would be the end. It might be little short of ruin to Sir Edmund Clavering, and nothing short of ruin to me: for who would continue to employ a firm liable to lose wills?

I was greatly occupied that day, but the missing will lay upon me like a heavy nightmare, and I forced time for a dash up to Sir Edmund Clavering's in the afternoon, bribing the cabman to speed. By dint of good luck, I found Sir Edmund in, and I inquired if he held possession of the will.

"Mr. Brightman holds the will," he replied. "Held, I should say: I cannot get into speaking of him in the past tense, you see. He took it home with him after Sir Ralph's funeral."

"I know he brought it home, Sir Edmund; but I thought it possible he might have given it into your possession since. I hoped he had, for I cannot find the will. I have searched for it everywhere."

"Not find the will!" he echoed. "Perhaps you have looked in every place but the right," he added, with a laugh. "I can tell you where it is."

"Where?"

"No end of confusion it must cause when a man, in the position of Mr. Brightman, dies suddenly," continued Sir Edmund. "I dare say it will be weeks before you come to the bottom of all his holes and corners and hiding places."

"But where do you say the will is?" cried I, chafing at the suspense.

"In your front room on the first floor—Mr. Brightman's consulting room, I believe it is called. There is an iron safe on the right-hand side as you enter, opposite the fireplace. The will is there."

"The will was there, I am aware, for I saw it placed there, but the will is not there now."

"Then he has put it somewhere else," carelessly replied Sir Edmund.

"We never put wills in any place but that; never. Not finding it there, I was in hopes it might have been handed over to you. May I ask how you knew it was there, Sir Edmund?"

"Because, the other day, when I was with Mr. Brightman in that room, we differed in opinion as to a certain clause in the will, and he took it out of the safe to convince me. He was right and I wrong. I saw him put it in again and lock it up."

"Do you remember when this was?"

"It was—let me see—the Thursday preceding Mr. Brightman's death; the day I went into the country. When are you going to prove the will? It ought to be done."

"Sir Edmund, I was going to set about it this very day; but, as I say, I cannot find the will."

"It must be easy enough to find; a big parchment like that. If not in the safe, Mr. Brightman must have removed it elsewhere. Look in all his pigeon-holes and places."

"I have looked: I have looked everywhere."

Like I looked some days before for the bag of gold, I mentally added.

But Sir Edmund Clavering was determined to treat the matter lightly: he evidently attached no importance to it whatever, believing that Mr. Brightman had only changed its safety-place.

I drove home again, feeling as uncomfortable as I had ever felt in my life. An undefined idea, a doubt, had flashed across my mind whilst I had been talking to Lennard.—Imagination is quick, quicker with me, I know, than with many people; and, the moment a thing puzzles me, I must dive into the why and the wherefore: my brain goes to work upon it in all its bearings and phases, probable and improbable, natural and unnatural. This doubt, which I had driven away at the time: had been driving it away during my gallop to Sir Edmund's; during the time I was conversing with him, grew into suspicion now.

What is it? asks the reader. Wait half an instant, while I explain how I arrived at it.—When I found the will gone from the safe; when I searched and searched, and found it gone from everywhere, I could only come to the conclusion that it was taken—stolen. Then I began to reason. Why was it taken? from what motive? why should that one particular parchment be abstracted, and the others left untouched? Obviously, it could only have been from motives of interest. Now, who had an interest in getting possession of that will—so that it might not be proved and acted upon? But one person in the whole world—Lady Clavering. And Lady Clavering had been alone in the room, where the safe was, for nearly half an hour! Does the reader perceive now?

If she had possessed herself of it, there was farewell to our ever getting it again. I saw through her character at that first interview—that she was a woman without scruple.

But, how could she have got at it? debated reason again. Even supposing she knew the will was in the iron safe, she could not have opened it without the key; and how could she have got at that? Again—if Lady Clavering were the guilty party, what became of my very natural suspicions that whoever took the will, had a hand in taking the gold!—and, with the gold, Lady Clavering could have had nothing to do. Look at it as I would, perplexities arose; and conflicting points, difficult, if not impossible, to be reconciled.

Lennard met me in the passage on my return.

"Is it all right? Has Sir Edmund got it, sir?"

"No, no; I told you it was a forlorn hope. Come up stairs, Lennard. Sir Edmund has not got the will," I continued, as we entered the front room. "He says that when he was here last Thursday week, Mr. Brightman had occasion to refer to the will, and he took it from the safe and put it in again. Therefore it is since that period that the theft has taken place."

"Can you really look upon it as *stolen*?" Lennard uttered, with emphasis.

"How else can I look upon it? How do you look upon it?"

"But who would steal so valueless a thing as a will?"

"Not valueless to everybody."

"No one in the house would do such a thing—You have a suspicion!" he added, in an abrupt tone, as he looked at me.

"Yes, I have, Lennard."

Instead of replying, he turned short round, and began to pace the room. Lennard was, in truth, strangely upset by this loss.

"Of whom?" he presently jerked out.

"If you thought the subject attentively over, you might penetrate to the same conclusion that I have, Lennard."

He looked hard at me.

"You surely don't suspect Leah, sir?"

"Leah! No."

"Oh. Because I was afraid you did suspect her in the matter of the gold. I feel sure Leah is innocent."

"So do I. Leah no more took the gold than you or I did, Lennard. And what should she want with the will? If I made her a present of all in the safe, she would only light her fires with them, as useless lumber. Try again."

But he only shook his head.

"I cannot find your drift, sir."

"To all persons, save two, the will would be as useless as to Leah. One of those two is Sir Edmund; and he has not got it: the other is Lady Clavering."

"And she has not got it either," dreamily returned Lennard.

"Can you answer for that?"

The significant tone in which the words were uttered, aroused Lennard.

"Mr. Strange!" he ejaculated, "do you suspect Lady Clavering?"

"To say I suspect her would be too strong a word. If my doubts rest upon her at all, it is because she is the only person who could have an interest in getting the will into her possession: and she is the only stranger, so far as I can recollect, who has been alone in this room sufficiently long to take it from the safe."

Lennard was incredulous.

"But she had not the key! she could not have got it open!"

"I know—I see the improbabilities that encompass my doubts: but they can find no vent elsewhere."

"The safe could not have been opened without the key. Where was the key?"

"In that back room; in Mr. Brightman's deep drawer; the drawer from which the gold was taken," was my grave answer. "And she could not have got at it without—without passing him."

Lennard's face grew hot. He wiped his brow.

"And the key of that drawer was in my own pocket, here, on the bunch." I took it out—Mr. Brightman's bunch until within a few days—and shook it before him.

"What mystery is it that has come over the house, about keys, and locks, and things disappearing?" Lennard murmured, in bewilderment.

"Lennard, it is the question I am asking myself."

"She could never have gone in there and passed him; and stood there while she got the key! A young and beautiful woman like Lady Clavering! It would be unnatural."

"No more unnatural for beauty than for ugliness, Lennard. Unnatural for most women, though, whether pretty or plain."

"But how could she have divined that the key of the safe was in that drawer, or in that room?" urged Lennard. "Or—divining it—how could she have got the drawer open?"

There was the point that staggered me more than any other—her knowing where to get at the key: and the safe could not have been unlocked with any other.

"And, for the matter of that, how could she have known that the will was in the safe?" added Lennard.

Truly the affair presented grave perplexities.

"One curious part of it is, that she should have called you up with her screams, Lennard. If she had but that moment opened the door, and seen—what frightened her, she could not have been in the room previously, hunting for the key. Were the screams put on? a piece of acting?"

"It would take a subtle actress to counterfeit the terror that shook her," replied Lennard: "and the best actress breathing could not have assumed her ghastly looks. No, Mr. Strange, I believe what she said was the fact: that, weary with waiting for her carriage, she had walked about the room, and opened the door of the other, and passed into it, without a thought, save that of distracting her ennui. She would not have waited to scream until she had taken the key."

The drift of the last argument appeared conclusive. For, if she really had possessed herself of the key, used it, and then put it back again, she would have taken care not to arouse attention to the fact that she had been in the room: and she could not have crossed the threshold without at once seeing the—the principal object the room contained. "Lennard," I said, "if she did move about that room, the clerks underneath may have heard her: go down, and see what you can get out of them. But take care how you put your questions: no hint of this matter, in any shape, must be suffered to get abroad."

Lennard went down, but he got nothing. The clerks said they had heard no noise at all, until aroused by the alarm of Lady Clavering.

Reader, I can tell you that you have rarely, perhaps never, been placed in a more disagreeable predicament, and without any conscious fault of yours, than I felt to be in, then. It was of no use temporising with the matter: I could only meet it boldly, and I sent that evening for Sir Edmund Clavering, and laid it in its nakedness before him. Certainly there was one gleam of comfort, so far as I was personally affected, and that was, that as I had not put the will up, nor had it been, strictly speaking, under my own custody, less amount of blame could be cast to me. I told Sir Edmund of Lady Clavering's visit, and the doubts of her which had forced themselves on my mind. He jumped to the conclusion (and into a passion at the same time) that she was the culprit, and was for applying for a warrant at Bow-street, to take her into custody. With extreme difficulty I got him to hear reason against anything of the sort.

Lennard came up to me before he went home for the night: he had come round to my way of thinking, that it must inevitably have been Lady Clavering; for, failing her, there was no shade of suspicion that could attach to any one else, distort fancy as we would.

"But neither was there as to the gold," was my rejoinder.

But after they were all gone, and I sat by the fire in the front room, and went over the details dispassionately to myself, and then lay awake the best part of the night, going over them still, my suspicions of Lady Clavering lessened, and I arrived at the conclusion that they were too improbable to be well founded.

Nevertheless, I decided upon my course, and that was, to call upon her; not to accuse her, but to see if I could not, indirectly, make something out. Sir Edmund mentioned, the previous night, the hotel at which she was staying, and I went up in the course of the morning Lady Clavering was sitting alone, her widow's cap on the sofa by her side: she scuffled it on to her head, when the waiter announced me.

"It is so hot and ugly," she exclaimed, in a tone of excuse; "I sit without it whenever I am alone. So you have condescended to return my visit, Mr. Strange! I thought you gentlemen of the law took refuge in your plea of occupation to ignore the etiquette."

"Indeed it is not out of deference to etiquette that I have called upon you to-day, Lady Clavering, but—".

"You have thought better of your refusal—you have come to say you will undertake my business!" she interrupted, with eyes and looks full of eagerness.

"Nor yet that," I was forced to reply, though, in truth, I should have been glad to conciliate her: "I am sure you will find many an advocate quite as efficient as I could be. The day you were at my house, did you happen to see—"

"Mr. Strange, I must beg you, as a gentleman, not to allude to what I saw," she interposed, in a tone of alarm. "I think it was inexcusable, on your part, not to have informed me what lay in the next room."

"Pardon me, Lady Clavering, it would have been an unnecessary and unpleasant piece of information to volunteer: for how could I possibly foresee that you would be likely to enter that room?"

"I never saw a dead person in my life," she rejoined, "and I shall not overget the shock for years. I would have given anything rather than have been exposed to it."

"And so would I, and I shall always regret it," was my warm apology.

"Then why do you introduce the subject?"

"I did not intend to allude to that; but to your having sat in the front room I must allude: and I know you will excuse my asking you the question I am about to do. Did you happen to see a parchment lying in that front room—on the table or on the desk? We have missed one: and if *you* should chance to have noticed it, it will be a great assistance to us, as a proof that we need not carry our researches farther back than that day."

"I don't remember that I saw any parchment," she carelessly rejoined; "I saw some papers, tied round with pink tape, on the desk; I did not notice them particularly. I pray you not to make me think about that afternoon, or you will have me in hysterics again."

"It is not possible—your ladyship will pardon me—that it can have caught on to your dress in any way, so as to have been carried down stairs and out of the house, and—perhaps—lost in the street?" I persisted, in a slow tone, looking at her.

Looking at her; but I could detect no emotion on her face: no sinking of the eye, no rise or fall of color, as one, guilty, would have been likely to display. She appeared to take my question literally, and to see nothing beyond it.

"I cannot tell anything about it, Mr. Strange. Had my dress been covered with parchments, I was in too much terror to notice them; your clerks would be more able to answer you than I, for they had to assist me down to my carriage. But how should a parchment get attached to a lady's dress?" she added, shaking out the folds of her ample skirt. "The crape is quite soft, you perceive. Have you searched for my letters yet?"

"Partially. I do not think we hold any. There are none among the Clavering papers."

Her gaze sought mine for a moment, and then it faded to vacancy.

"I wonder if he burnt them?" she dreamily uttered.

"What, Mr. Brightman?"

"No; my husband. But why have you only looked partially?"

"From want of time. In a day or two I will institute a thorough search, and you shall hear the result from me."

"Very well. I am only waiting in town for those letters. You are going?"

"One more question ere I do go, Lady Clavering. Have you positively no recollection of seeing this lost parchment?"

She looked surprised at my pertinacity.

"No; otherwise I should say so. But if I had seen it, the subsequent fright would have taken it clean out of my memory."

"It is not Lady Clavering," I exclaimed to Lennard, when I reached home.

"How have you found it out, sir?" he rejoined.

"I judge from her manner; it has convinced me that she is innocent. Whoever may have got at the safe, it was not Lady Clavering. In truth, I begin to think I was foolish to have suspected her." And yet, even while I spoke, the suspicion returned; so prone to inconsistency is the human heart.

I was interrupted by a visit from Miss Brightman. She had come up to town with a message from her mother.

"Mamma will not be sufficiently well to see you this evening, as was agreed," she said, "and she wishes you would come down to-morrow morning instead."

That would be impossible.

"I shall not be able to spare time in the day," was my reply. "I am quite overwhelmed with work. Perhaps to-morrow evening will do?"

"I should think it might," returned Miss Brightman. "At any rate you can come; and should mamma not be sufficiently well to enter upon business matters, another time can be appointed."

"Is Mrs. Brightman very ill?"

"I fear so. She appears to me to fluctuate so much. She is exceedingly low and weak, and she passes whole hours in her own room, in solitude. When I ask to go in, she says she is not equal to seeing even me. Are you well?" Miss Brightman continued, in a hesitating tone, as she rose to leave. "You look harassed."

"I am well, Annabel. But—you have just expressed the right word—harassed; and terribly so."

"Poor papa!" she sighed. "It has brought a load of work and care to you, as well as of grief to us."

"I should not heed work, our legitimate care. But—we have had another loss, Annabel," I said, dropping my voice; "a loss as mysterious as that of the gold; and of far more importance."

"What is it?" she questioned. "More money?"

"No; I wish it was. A will, which was deposited in the safe there," pointing to it, "has disappeared. I cannot tell what will be the consequences; ruin probably to me, and to one of our best clients. Not only that—if things are to vanish from our most guarded safety-places, in this unaccountable manner, we must have a crafty enemy at work, and there is no foreseeing the ending."

"What was the will like?" Miss Brightman rejoined; "I mean, what did it look like? I have a reason for asking."

"It was a folded parchment, about—that—size. You saw your father's will, Annabel; it looked like that. Why do you ask?"

"Because I remember papa's bringing home a parchment, similar to what you describe. It was an evening or two before he died; the evening before I and mamma went to Hastings. Do you think it could be that?"

"Oh, no. I have known Mr. Brightman—though very rarely—take home deeds which required studying, but it was not likely he would take home Sir Ralph Clavering's will; he made it himself, and knew every word in it. Annabel, I did not intend to mention names, but it will be safe with you."

"Perfectly so; as safe as with yourself. I will never repeat it; not even to mamma."

"And what I shall do, I cannot tell," was my conclusion, as I attended her down stairs to the carriage. "I would give every shilling I possess, of my own, to find it."

Leah—it was some hours later—was carrying down my dinner-tray, when a ring came to the outer door.

"Well done that bell!" I heard her say to herself, "that's the fourth time since the door was shut, and Watts out! There goes the knocker! It's a visitor for master, then."

She put the tray on the stand in the inner passage and opened the door. I listened, curious to know who was coming after office hours, unless it was Sir Edmund Clavering.

"Is Mr. Strange in, Leah?"

"Yes, Miss. Please go up."

A light foot on the stairs, and Annabel Brightman entered, holding out a parchment with its endorsement towards me.

"Will of Sir Ralph Clavering."

"Oh, Annabel! you are my guardian angel."

I seized the deed and her hands together. She smiled, and drew away the latter.

"I still thought the parchment I spoke of might be the missing one," she explained, "and when I got home I looked in papa's secretaire. There it was."

"And you have come back to bring it!"

"Of course. It would have been cruel to let you pass another night of suspense. I came as soon as I had had my dinner."

"Who is with you?"

"Nobody; I came in the omnibus. In two omnibuses, for the one only brought me to Charing-cross."

"In the omnibus! And alone!"

"What was to hurt me? or who was to know me? I kept my veil down. I did not make a parade at home to order the carriage out again; it might have disturbed mamma, and she is in bed. And now I must make haste back again."

"Wait one moment, Annabel, whilst I lock up this doubly-precious will."

"Why? You are not going to trouble yourself to accompany me, and you so busy? There is no necessity for it; I shall go home just as safe as I came."

"You silly child! That you have come here, at night, and alone, I cannot help; but what would Mrs. Brightman say to me if I suffered you to proceed in the same unprotected manner back again?"

"I suppose it was not quite right," she returned, "but I only thought of the pleasure of restoring the will."

I locked it up in the safe, and went down stairs with Miss Brightman, leaving a pencilled word with Leah for Sir Edmund Clavering, if he should call. Why Mr. Brightman should have taken it home, puzzled me considerably; but the relief to my mind was such that I cannot express, and I felt quite a gush of love to Lady Clavering, for having so unjustly suspected her.

"Genuine love?" asks somebody.

No. That was given to another. One nearer to me in the presence, just then, than was my Lady Clavering. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HEAD OF MY PROFESSION.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I was born in the city of Bath, in the beginning of the present century. My earliest recollections of the hot-water capital are recollections of an era of prosperity, which though then approaching its decline, was yet vigorous and boastful. At the period of my childhood, Bath was the winter focus of fashion, and to fashion and fashionable people it was devoted more thoroughly, perhaps, than any other city or town in the realm. Nothing that could by any possibility offend the visitors was allowed to exist; while every attraction, whatever its moral aspect, which had charms to lure them thither, was unreservedly displayed. I distinctly remember that while gaming-houses and worse places were encouraged, it was a high crime and misdemeanor for a little urchin to trundle a hoop on the pavement, lest he should damage the farthingale of some lady of quality; and school-boys were lugged off to prison in the town-hall for playing at "cherry" in Orange Grove, to the supposed disturbance of the rheumatic tabbies. In those days, there were no hireable cabs, carriages, or omnibuses; and the only available locomotives were the sedan-chairs, for which there were regular stands at various places throughout the city, the principal ones being those near the Pump-room, and in front of the Assembly-rooms. The chairmen were a peculiar race, long since passed away—stout, brawny, broad-shouldered fellows, clad in light-blue frock surtouts, plush breeches, white stockings, and shoes with broad shining buckles. Originally, they had worn cocked-hats; but these, in my boyhood, began to give place to the customary cylinder, and disappeared altogether in the first years of my apprenticeship. These chairmen were the tyrants of the foot-pavements, along which they ambled at a six-mile-an-hour pace, ruthlessly sweeping into the kennel all who were not sufficiently active in getting out of their way. Orange Grove then was a grove, crowded with ancient elms fungous with age. The Parades, North and South, were the Corso of worn-out roués and courtly convalescents, who promenaded there in wheel-chairs within the shadow of the New Assembly-rooms, and at an easy distance from the restoring waters. Dull, dreamy, and voiceless in summer-time, no sooner were the chills of autumn felt, than Bath was rapidly converted into a huge caravansary. Strange faces and new equipages flocked in by hundreds daily. Everybody then began to let lodgings, from the hucksters in the by-streets, to the speculators in the Circus and the Royal Crescent, and the price of apartments rose suddenly from shillings to pounds. Ten guineas a week was nothing for a tradesman's upper floors, which became the habitat of the landed gentry, whose retinue of servants had to take post in the tradesman's kitchen, along with his family, and to stow themselves at night in cupboard, closet, or garret, wherever a shake-down could be extemporised.

All those vices which were fashionable, winked at by the sober citizens, who made a profit out of them, walked the streets at noonday, if not without notice, without rebuke. Scenes which were common to all eyes at Bath during the era of the Napoleonic wars, could not now be described in these columns, because the present generation of readers would not tolerate the description. Among the least obvious of the vices which fashion had made popular was that of gambling; the gentry gamed in their houses nightly, without pretermitting the Sunday; gaming establishments flourished in all parts of the town; some select, and only accessible to the subscribers; others common to all who could assume the appearance of gentlemen. Of all the modes of gambling, perhaps billiards was most esteemed. The game had been pronounced healthful by a distinguished member of the faculty, and a rage sprang up for it, which prevailed for years. What the nobility and gentry delighted in, the middle classes and the lower classes would of course feel a longing for; and as a result, there were billiard establishments open to all ranks, from the subscription-tables at the Upper Rooms, where the members played for thousands, down to the rickety board of Old Spraggs in Union Passage, where the balls trundled over a field of green baize into pockets as wide as a church-door, and the apprentice-boys of the town gambled for twopences.

At ten years of age my uncle sent me to school at Old Carpenter's in George Street, one of the most vigorous floggers of the day, who, aware of his strength of arm, would considerately allow a culprit to indue an extra jacket, or even two, if he could borrow them, before submitting to punishment. Here I made the acquaintance of Ned B——, who soon became my bosom-friend, and through him it was that I became a billiard-player. Ned's father was the proprietor of a large billiard establishment in Milson Street, where, in several rooms built over the garden in the rear of the house, billiards were played during the season at all hours of the day and night. One or other of these tables was generally unoccupied, and at Ned's command. Here he taught me the game, for which I immediately conceived a passion, and practised it without intermission at every possible opportunity. It is a fact that in my eleventh year I sometimes played for seven hours a day, without absenting myself from school, without fatigue, and without surfeit. Ned's father had no objection to our practice, as it was his object to make a finished player of his son. The boy, however, was near-sighted, and I soon outstripped him in knowledge of the game. Sometimes Mr. B—— would watch our play, and give us instruction, which I was but too apt in receiving. This state of things continued until I was fourteen years of age, by which time I could beat, and had beaten, every amateur player that frequented the rooms—not unfrequently to the considerable profit of the proprietor, who was always ready to back my play.

At fourteen, my uncle bound me as outdoor apprentice to Mr. C—— in George Street. I had now but a little time in the evening for billiards. At first, I did not care for this, thinking I had had enough of it; but after an interval of a few months, the old passion for the game returned stronger than ever. I had recourse to my old schoolfellow once more; but now there was an objection to my appearance at the subscription-rooms, his father not wishing his subscribers to identify me as Mr. C——'s apprentice. In consequence, it was only by stealth and on rare occasions that we could resume our play. In this dilemma, I was driven to the cheaper tables free to the public. There was one in the Borough Walls, open to all the world, and which, being opposite to the Blue School, and near the theatre, was much frequented during theatrical hours by the servants of the gentry occupying the boxes. I soon discovered that this place was the very sink of vice and low blackguardism; that the most infamous transactions were carried on there by means of a gang of gambling Jews, who plundered the unwary at dice and hazard; that, in a word, besides being a billiard-room, it was a perfect gambling hell—and yet I could not keep away. The best players I had yet seen frequented this table, and among them were some of the most consummate blackguards in existence. It was but rarely, however, that I met my match among them, and as I improved constantly, in process of time I could beat them all.

I should have been speedily and irredeemably ruined by the infamous society of this place, had it not been that, at about the age of sixteen, I conceived a violent passion for music, and began learning the piano, and studying counterpoint under a little humpbacked professor of the name of Albin, who taught me at a shilling a lesson. But for the music, I should certainly have thrown up my trade and turned gambler long ere I was out of my time. As it was, the music and the billiards divided my leisure between them; now one, now the other being in the ascendant. Perhaps the music would ultimately have weaned me from the billiard-table—for I rapidly acquired considerable skill, and could rattle off sets of quadrilles tastily enough in my second year—but about this time the *science* of billiards began to be talked of, and the practice of the game to assume some new phases. Every mouth was full of the praises of Jack Carr, who had invented the side-twist, and made other discoveries tending to the demonstration of phenomena hitherto unrecognized in the motion of globular bodies. All the billiard world went mad on the new discoveries, and it was not likely that I should be unaffected by the current mania. Ned B—— first indoctrinated me in the new invention, and it was at his father's house I first saw Carr at play. I found him an adept at every artifice in the game, and astonishingly skillful in the use of his own invention, to which, nevertheless, I was not disposed to accord the value he claimed for it. I noticed that he was often beaten by players whom I had beaten frequently myself; and I noticed, too, that when thus beaten, it was invariably through reliance on his new-invented stroke. There was no difficulty in the use of this invention, even to a stranger, as the player who once understood the new principle could master it easily in a few hours' practice. In fact, what I then suspected, has since been abundantly proved: the side-twist is of little real use to a good player, as it adds but little to his real strength, and is not at all comparable to the capacity of making a good winning hazard—a faculty, by the way, which Carr did not possess in any extraordinary degree. About the same time, some one else, paraphrasing Carr's invention, discovered the top-twist, by which a still more eccentric motion is imparted to a ball. Both these discoveries, however, are rather curiosities of the players' art, than valuable additions to it, and as such they should be regarded; though there are, doubtless, certain situations in which they may be used with advantage. I was not long in mastering both these *tours de force*, and could call them into action when requisite.

One night, while I was playing a match with a footman in the Borough Walls' den, a young Irishman entered the room, and stood looking on. He was buttoned to the chin in a seedy coat, and trod in a pair of new hob-nailed highlows. The room was crowded; and some of the insolent wags of the place began exercising their wit at the expense of the new-comer. He bore it good-humoredly enough, answering only with a ready joke and a rather smart retort, until one of the blackguards, presuming on his quietness, shouldered a cue, and, walking backwards, brought the but-end in his face. The next moment, the aggressor was sprawling on the floor, and the Irish boy in a fighting attitude, ready for whosoever should present himself. The fallen man rose and rushed to the encounter, but in two minutes had had enough of it, leaving the Irishman triumphant.

The visitor showed the best possible temper, apologised to the company for the interruption his presence had occasioned, and begged that the play might be resumed; and in a few minutes, such order as was usual was restored. It appeared afterwards that Pat Meagher—so was the stranger called—had been a marker in Dublin; that he had landed at Liverpool without a penny, a fortnight before, and had tramped down to Bath, supporting himself with his cue on the route. He soon proved himself an admirable player, beating me at our first encounters, though I was able to return the compliment, after becoming acquainted with his tactics. He had the peculiar faculty of bringing his ball to a dead stop, after striking another, at whatever distance—a feat often of much value, and which I never saw accomplished so surely by any other man. He played but a few nights at the den, for he had the sense to see that if he became notorious there, his chance among the upper circles was lost. A few months after his arrival, I saw him habited like an officer in undress, playing with a Right Honorable at B——'s subscription-tables. Here he gained a certain notoriety, and no inconsiderable cash. It being an understood thing that he would play any amateur for any amount, B——, without my knowledge, matched me against him for a contest of twenty-one games. I could not refuse to play the match; and it came off on Christmas-eve, in the presence of over a hundred spectators. At the end of the nineteenth game, I was the winner of eleven, and of a large amount of money which changed hands on the occasion, though I neither had nor coveted any of it.

I fell into disgrace at home by playing this match. The rumor of my exploit was bruited abroad, and reached the ears of my uncle, who was violently angry, as also was, or pretended to be, my master; and they talked of punishing me by imprisonment for playing at unlawful games, in violation of the terms of my indenture.

I was compelled to give a solemn promise not to enter a billiard-room during the remainder of my apprenticeship, which had still a year to run. I kept my promise faithfully, consoling myself with my pianoforte, on which I strummed away till midnight. When my term drew to a close, my uncle, who feared I should turn gambler if I remained in Bath, wrote to his brother in Dover, who, carrying on the same business to which I had served my time, consented to receive me as an assistant. I was not unwilling to see the world; and accepted the situation offered.

I went down by the Dover coach, in April, 1824, to my new appointment. I found my relative an agreeable old fellow, already prejudiced in my favor, from a liking he had conceived for me in my childhood, during a visit to Bath, and not at all disposed to restrict my pleasures. He hired a pianoforte from Bachelor's, borrowed piles of music, and was never weary of my performances, which he enjoyed to perfection under a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

Dover was at that time all life and gaiety. The Duke of Clarence's sons by Mrs. Jordan ruled the roast at the garrison, and led the fashion in the town and neighborhood. Routes, balls, fetes, and dancing-parties followed each other nightly. Quadrilles were the rage, and, as a consequence, I soon became sought after as pianist, and had engagements four or five deep constantly on hand. I was paid handsomely for my services, and ate ices, quaffed champagne, and revelled in gastronomic luxuries. I relished my new position amazingly; I saw the best company; had the honor of playing to the blood-royal, and, what I relished more, to the beautiful daughters of Supervisor W——, the sight of whose bewitching faces sometimes set my fingers blundering, and my brain a wool-gathering.

As the summer drew on, this kind of occupation relaxed, and then ceased altogether, and my way of life settled down into a rather dull routine. The summer passed, and the autumn too, and November came in with its fogs and storms. I found a new pleasure in the roar of the huge breakers, and the dash of the sounding surge on the pebbly beach, under the castle cliff, which was then a dreary, weird-looking spot, very unlike what it is now. It was my habit to walk out of an evening through the darkness, and take my post on the old stakes of the jetty, to enjoy in solitude the din, whirl, uproar, and fury of the tempest. One evening about seven o'clock, as I was passing the end of Snargate Street towards the castle cliff, I heard a gentle clicking sound, which thrilled through me from head to foot like an electric shock—it was the soft, crepitating kiss of billiard balls. Here was a discovery! I had not known that there was a table in the town. I felt my right hand grasping the cue, and the fingers of my left forming a bridge, as if by some magnetic influence. I looked round in all directions for the entrance. A dim lamp hung over a side-passage; and a few paces down, there was an open door and a staircase, lighted by the merest blink from above. I stole softly up the stairs, and came at the first landing on a door, with a glass panel, but partly curtained within. I peeped in, and saw two officers at play at a small table, and a company of gentlemen seated round. I had been at work all day, and had my apron rolled round my waist. I knew it would not do to enter in such a garb. I ran home and washed, indued my best suit, and in twenty minutes had returned and entered the room.

No one noticed my intrusion, so I took a seat and watched the game. One of the players I recognised as a garrison-officer who had often danced to my music, and it is probable that he recognized me. He won the game, and his adversary declined to play any more, on the plea that he had no chance with him. The victor then challenged the room; and as no one accepted the challenge, I rose and offered to play him myself. He eyed me from head to foot rather superciliously, and with a kind of haughty condescension, rolling the balls as he spoke, told me to lead off. Annoyed at his pomposity, I allowed him but a single stroke, and then carelessly made the game off the balls. He was pleased to attribute this first result to accident, but the accident recurred again and again, to the mirth of the company, and his intense mortification. To give him some chance of winning, I proposed that he should take five of the pockets to my one; he accepted the offer, but still did not win a game, and finally left off without even a momentary advantage. This affair created quite a sensation in the room; and I was asked to favor them with my company on the morrow evening, when perhaps I might meet with a worthier antagonist. I consented, and presented myself on the morrow accordingly.—The room was full, and several of the new-comers were anxious to measure their strength against me. My pride was roused, and I showed them all that they had no chance whatever in the contest. I had refused to play for money from the first, and it was this that puzzled them, while it secured for me their respect. When they requested that I would come again, I declined on the ground that the table was not worth playing at—which was true, the pockets being twice the proper size, and the area not quite half the usual dimensions. I derided the idea of practising the science of billiards on such a toy, and refused to have anything more to do with it. Having said thus much, and made my bow to the company, I took my leave with an air of wonderful independence.

It was about nine o'clock in late November as I left the house and proceeded in the teeth of the wind towards the old jetty, where the monster breakers were bursting in thunderous peals on the masses of huge pebbles, round and big as cannon-balls, whose tremendous rattling, as they were dashed to and fro, gave out a sound like the clapping of millions of giant palms, and which wrought most powerfully and agreeably on my imagination. I had seated myself on a fragment of a beam, and was peering through the darkness at the heavy circling masses of water, when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I started to my feet; there stood a dim figure before me, motioning in dumb show—for no voice could be heard—and beckoning me away. I rose, nodded acquiescence, and followed, as he led on towards a shed under the cliff, where a light was burning. When under the lee of the building, and sheltered from the loud roaring of the billows, he turned short round, and presented a figure which I have good reason to remember to my dying day. He was a man of about fifty-five years of age, not more than five feet in height, with a prodigious hunch on his shoulders, yet standing as upright as a dart. A long pale visage; a nose like an eagle's beak; a pair of deep sunk gray eyes; an ample brow, prominent chin, and thin, bloodless lips: such was the aspect which he turned suddenly towards me, with the not very courteous inquiry:

"I say, young fellow, who the devil *are* you?"

"Really," said I, "I may return the inquiry with interest, and with more show of reason. What is your business with me?"

"You need not take offence; there is none intended, I assure you—quite the contrary. Here is my card, and I am to be found at the 'Ship.'"

I took the card, held it to the light, and read the words, "Louis Crannel."

"Your name is strange to me," I said; "I have still to learn your business with me."

"I wish to know who you are, and what is your profession," he replied. "My motive for that is not mere curiosity. If you desire concealment, of course I say no more; but it strikes me you do not."

"You are right," I said, "I have no motive for concealment;" and I told him my name, address, and daily employment.

He affected the utmost astonishment.

"Do you mean to tell me," he asked, as if utterly incredulous, "that you are such an infatuated ass as to work at a trade for about thirty shillings a week, and yet play such a game at billiards as I have seen you play?"

"Pshaw!" said I, "billiards are an amusement only; I could not make a living by billiards."

"The deuce you couldn't! Hark ye, young man, you have the means of independence in your hand, and you don't know it. Now, listen to me. With such skill at billiards as you have, and such knowledge of the world as I could teach you, you might gain any amount of wealth you chose."

"Or, which is just as probable, might lose what little I have."

"Not at all. If you are afraid of that, I will make you an offer. You shall quit your trade, and place yourself under my charge. I will take you all over Europe; you shall make the grand tour at my expense; I will defray all charges of travelling, living, and clothing; you shall visit all the capitals, shall have your own valet, and live like a lord; and I will give you a clear three hundred a year for yourself."

"In return for which," said I, "I am to play where you choose, to win when you choose, and to lose when you choose!"

"Just so," said he.

"Thank you; I will have nothing to do with it."

"You will be sorry for it, my lad; and if you are such an idiot as to go grinding at a beggarly trade for a few shillings a week, when you might realize an independence in a few years, you deserve to suffer.

"Good-night!" I replied, and strode away home as fast as I could.

I had shaken off the tempter for a time, and felt in quite a virtuous glow as I walked homewards through the dull streets and the drizzling rain which began to fall. Next day, however, as I stood at my work in the dreary, cobwebby shop, the vision which Mr. Crannel's words had conjured up to my imagination returned with double force, and in brilliant contrast to the surrounding circumstances. My avocation for the first time grew distasteful, and I longed for the hour of release. When it came, I sallied out to the sea-shore, at the old spot, and dreamed away an hour there to the murmur of the subsiding gale. I caught myself once or twice looking round to see if Mr. Crannel would make his appearance again. He did not come, and I suspect that I walked home that night with a feeling of disappointment.

On the following day, Crannel came into the shop while I was left in charge during the temporary absence of my uncle, and bought a few trifling articles, the selection of which occupied him half an hour. He now renewed his offer, and begged me to think of it calmly at my leisure, informing me at the same time that he should remain at the "Ship" for another week, and should be happy to see me at any moment.

I told him that there was no probability that I should change my determination; but he must have seen that my resolution was not so firm as it had been at our first encounter; and it is likely that he already felt certain that I should swallow the bait. After this, he waylaid me every night in my walks, and thus, in repeated interviews, from which I had not the resolution to refrain, at length won me over to his purpose. I accepted his proposition in terms with which the reader is already acquainted, and we drew up a duplicate agreement at his hotel, which was mutually signed, and of which each of us retained a copy. The agreement bound me to him for three years, though it only covenanted that I should render him my services whenever called upon, for the salary named—no reference being made to the nature of the services.

I had to make up a tale to satisfy my old uncle, who was most unwilling to let me go; but he was appeased at last, and gave me his blessing at parting. It was the second week in December when I stepped on board the steamboat with Crannel, and sailed for Calais. I had never been to sea before; the passage proved most tempestuous, and the boat nearly foundered midway. I was miserably sick, and longed to go at once to the bottom. Crannel watched and waited on me with almost a woman's tenderness—got me to bed as soon as we touched the shore, and could not have manifested more care and kindness had I been, as people thought I was, his only son.

A night's repose restored me; and the next morning, an "artist" made his appearance, who took my measure, and in a few days sent in such a magnificent wardrobe, made in the recent Parisian fashion, as qualified me, in appearance at least, for any society in Europe. Meanwhile, Crannel made me aware of the particulars of his plan. I was to assume the character of an English country gentleman of fortune on his travels. I was to be passionately fond of billiards, and about as clever with the cue as country gentlemen usually are—playing a wild game, in a reckless, cautionless way, but, for obvious reasons, playing only for moderate stakes. It would be his part to drop in occasionally during my play, when he would make his own bets, either in my favor or against me, as he chose, and I was to win or lose according to signals agreed upon between us. In order to avoid suspicion, I was to conceal my real strength, even when it was most required, and to win, when to win was imperative, as if by accident rather than design. With regard to the connection between us, it was agreed that we should not appear too intimate, or, on the other hand, too distant and reserved; we were to be casual acquaintances, on good terms with each other, and sometimes winning each other's money at a quiet morning game.

All these preliminaries being settled, I spent a couple of days in private practice at a French table—the continental tables being very different from those to which I had been accustomed—in order to familiarize myself with their peculiarities; and then we started by separate conveyances, I and my valet, leading the way, for Brussels. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER I.

FIVE YEARS LATER.

Tellson's Bank, by Temple Bar, was an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious. It was an old-fashioned place moreover, in the moral attribute that the partners in the House were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness, proud of its ugliness, proud of its incommodiousness. They were even boastful of its eminence in those particulars, and were fired by an express conviction that, if it were less objectionable, it would be less respectable.—This was no passive belief, but an active weapon which they flashed at more convenient places of business. Tellson's (they said) wanted no elbow-room, Tellson's wanted no light, Tellson's wanted no embellishment. Noakes and Co.'s might, or Snooks Brothers' might; but Tellson's, thank Heaven!—

Any one of these partners would have disinherited his son on the question of rebuilding Tellson's. In this respect, the house was much on a par with the Country; which did very often disinherit its sons for suggesting improvements in laws and customs that had long been highly objectionable, but were only the more respectable.

Thus it had come to pass, that Tellson's was the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After bursting open a door of idiotic obstinacy with a weak rattle in its throat, you fell into Tellson's down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop, with two little counters, where the oldest of men made your cheque shake as if the wind rustled it, while they examined the signature by the dingiest of windows, which were always a shower-bath of mud from Fleet Street, and which were made the dingier by their own iron bars proper, and the heavy shadow of Temple Bar. If your business necessitated your seeing "the House," you were put into a species of Condemned Hold at the back, where you meditated on a misspent life, until the House came with its hands in its pockets, and you could hardly blink at it in the dismal twilight.

Your money came out of, or went into, wormy old wooden drawers, particles of which flew up your nose and down your throat when they were opened and shut. Your bank-notes had a musty odor, as if they were fast decomposing into rags again. Your plate was stowed away among the neighboring cesspools, and evil communications corrupted its good polish in a day or two. Your deeds got into extemporised strong rooms made of kitchens and sculleries, and fretted all the fat out of their parchments into the banking-house air. Your lighter boxes of family papers went up stairs into a Barmecide room, that always had a great dining-table in it and never had a dinner, and where, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty, the first letters written to you by your old love, or by your little children, were but newly released from the horror of being ogled through the windows, by the heads exposed on Temple Bar with an insen-

sate brutality and ferocity worthy of Abyssinia or Ashantee.

But, indeed, at that time, putting to Death was a recipe much in vogue with all trades and professions, and not least of all with Tellson's. Death is Nature's remedy for all things, and why not Legislation's? Accordingly, the forger was put to Death; the utterer of a bad note was put to Death; the unlawful opener of a letter was put to Death; the purloiner of forty shillings and sixpence was put to Death; the holder of a horse at Tellson's door, who made off with it, was put to Death; the coiner of a bad shilling was put to Death; the sounders of three fourths of the notes in the whole gamut of Crime, were put to Death. Not that it did the least good in the way of prevention—it might almost have been worth remarking that the fact was exactly the reverse—but, it cleared off (as to this world) the trouble of each particular case, and left nothing else connected with it to be looked after. Thus, Tellson's, in its day, like greater places of business, its contemporaries, had taken so many lives, that, if the heads laid low before it had been ranged on Temple Bar instead of being privately disposed of, they would probably have excluded what little light the ground floor had, in a rather significant manner.

Cramped in all kinds of dim cupboards and hutches at Tellson's, the oldest of men carried on the business gravely. When they took a young man into Tellson's London house, they hid him somewhere till he was old. They kept him in a dark place, like a cheese, until he had the full Tellson flavor and blue-mould upon him. Then only was he permitted to be seen, spectacularly poring over large books, and casting his breeches and gaiters into the general weight of the establishment.

Outside Tellson's—never by any means in it, unless called in—was an odd-job-man, an occasional porter and messenger, who served as the live sign of the house. He was never absent during business hours, unless upon an errand, and then he was represented by his son: a grisly urchin of twelve, who was his express image. People understood that Tellson's, in a stately way, tolerated the odd-job man. The house had always tolerated some person in that capacity, and time and tide had drifted this person to the post. His surname was Cruncher, and on the youthful occasion of his renouncing by proxy the works of darkness, in the easterly parish church of Houndsditch, he had received the added appellation of Jerry.

The scene, was Mr. Cruncher's private lodging in Hanging-sword-alley, Whitefriars; the time, half-past seven of the clock on a windy March morning, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and eighty. (Mr. Cruncher himself always spoke of the year of our Lord as Anna Dominoes: apparently under the impression that the Christian era dated from the invention of a popular game, by a lady who had bestowed her name upon it.)

Mr. Cruncher's apartments were not in a savory neighborhood, and were but two in number, even if a closet with a single pane of glass in it might be counted as one. But, they were very decently kept. Early as it was, on the windy March morning, the room in which he lay a-bed was already scrubbed throughout; and between the cups and saucers arranged for breakfast, and the lumbering deal table, a very clean white cloth was spread.

Mr. Cruncher reposed under a patchwork counterpane, like a Harlequin at home. At first, he slept heavily, but, by degrees, began to roll and surge in bed, until he rose above the surface, with his spiky hair looking as if it must tear the sheets to ribbons. At which juncture, he exclaimed, in a voice of dire exasperation:

"Bust me, if she ain't at it agin!"

A woman of orderly and industrious appearance rose from her knees in a corner, with sufficient haste and trepidation to show that she was the person referred to.

"What!" said Mr. Cruncher, looking out of bed for a boot. "You're at it agin, are you?"

After hailing the morn with this second salutation, he threw a boot at the woman as a third. It was a very muddy boot, and may introduce the odd circumstance connected with Mr. Cruncher's domestic economy, that, whereas he often came home after banking hours with clean boots, he often got up next morning to find the same boots covered with clay.

"What!" said Mr. Cruncher, varying his apostrophe after missing his mark, "what are you up to, Aggerawayter?"

"I was only saying my prayers."

"Saying your prayers! You're a nice woman! What do you mean by flopping yourself down and praying agin me?"

"I was not praying against you; I was praying for you."

"You weren't. And if you were, I won't be took the liberty with. Here! your mother's a nice woman, young Jerry, going a praying agin your father's prosperity. You've got a dutiful mother, you have, my son. You've got a religious mother, you have, my boy; going and flopping herself down, and praying that the bread-and butter may be snatched out of the mouth of her only child!"

Master Cruncher (who was in his shirt) took this very ill, and, turning to his mother, strongly deprecated any praying away of his personal board.

"And what do you suppose, you conceited female," said Mr. Cruncher, with unconscious inconsistency, "that the worth of *your* prayers may be? Name the price that you put your prayers at!"

"They only come from the heart, Jerry. They are worth no more than that."

"Worth no more than that," repeated Mr. Cruncher. "They ain't worth much, then. Whether or no, I won't be prayed agin, I tell you. I can't afford it. I'm not a going to be made unlucky by *your* sneaking. If you must go flopping yourself down, flop in favor of your husband and child, and not in opposition to 'em. If I had had any but a unnat'ral wife, and this poor boy had had any but a unnat'ral mother, I might have made some money last week, instead of being counterprayed and countermined and religiously circumwented into the worst of luck. Ba-a-ust me!" said Mr. Cruncher, who all this time had been putting on his clothes, "if I sin't, what with piety and one blowed thing and another, been chousedthis last week into as bad luck as ever a poor devil of a honest tradesman met with! Young Jerry, dress yourself, my boy, and while I clean my boots keep a eye upon your mother now and then, and if you see any signs of more flopping, give me a call. For, I tell you," here he addressed his wife once more, "I won't be gone agin, in this manner. I am as rickety as a hackney-coach, I'm as sleepy as laudanum, my lines is strained to that degree that I shouldn't know, if it wasn't for the pain in 'em, which was me and which somebody else, yet I'm none the better for it in pocket; and it's my suspicion that you've been at it from morning to night to prevent me from being the better for it in pocket, and I won't put up with it, Aggerawayter, and what do you say now!"

Growling, in addition, such phrases as "Ah! yes! You're religious, too. You wouldn't put yourself in opposition to the interests of your husband and child, would you? Not you!" and throwing off other sarcastic sparks from the whirling grindstone of his indignation, Mr. Cruncher betook himself to his boot-cleaning and his general preparations for business. In the meantime, his son, whose head was garnished with tenderer spikes, and whose young eyes stood close by one another, as his father's did, kept the required watch upon his mother. He greatly disturbed that poor woman at intervals, by darting out of his sleeping closet, where he made his toilet, with a suppressed cry of "You are going to flop, mother.—Hallos, father!" and, after raising this fictitious alarm, darting in again with an undutiful grin.

Mr. Cruncher's temper was not at all improved when he came to his breakfast. He resented Mrs. Cruncher's saying Grace with particular animosity.

"Now, Aggerawayter! What are you up to? At it agin?"

His wife explained that she had merely "asked a blessing."

"Don't do it!" said Mr. Cruncher, looking about, as if he rather expected to see the loaf disappear under the efficacy of his wife's petitions. "I ain't a going to be blest out of house and home. I won't have my wittles blest off my table. Keep still!"

Exceedingly red-eyed and grim, as if he had been up all night at a party which had taken anything but a convivial turn, Jerry Cruncher worried his breakfast rather than ate it, growling over it like any four-footed inmate of a menagerie. Towards nine o'clock he smoothed his ruffled aspect, and presenting as respectable and business-like an exterior as he could overlay his natural self with, issued forth to the occupation of the day.

It could scarcely be called a trade, in spite of his favorite description of himself as "a honest tradesman." His stock consisted of a wooden stool, made out of a broken-backed chair cut down, which stool Young Jerry, walking at his father's side, carried every morning to beneath the banking-house window that was nearest Temple Bar: where, with the addition of the first handful of straw that could be gleaned from any passing vehicle to keep the cold and wet from the odd-job-man's feet, it formed the encampment for the day. On this post of his, Mr. Cruncher was as well known to Fleet Street and the Temple, as the Bar itself—and was almost as ill-looking.

Encamped at a quarter before nine, in good time to touch his three-cornered hat to the oldest of men as they passed in to Tellson's, Jerry took up his station on this windy March morning, with Young Jerry standing by him, when not engaged in making forays through the Bar, to inflict bodily and mental injuries of an acute description on passing boys who were small enough for his amiable purpose.—Father and son, extremely like each other, looking silently on at the morning traffic in Fleet Street, with their two heads as near to one another as the two eyes of each were, bore a considerable resemblance to a pair of monkeys. The resemblance was not lessened by the accidental circumstance, that the mature Jerry bit and spat out straw, while the twinkling eyes of the youthful Jerry were as restlessly watchful of him as of everything else in Fleet Street.

The head of one of the regular in-door messengers attached to Tellson's establishment was put through the door, and the word was given:

"Porter wanted!"

"Hooray, father! Here's an early job to begin with!"

Having thus given his parent God speed, Young Jerry seated himself on the stool, entered on his reversionary interest in the straw his father had been chewing, and cogitated.

"Al-ways rusty! His fingers is al-ways rusty!" muttered Young Jerry. "Where does my father get all that iron rust from? He don't get no iron rust here!"

CHAPTER II.

A SIGHT.

"You know the Old Bailey well, no doubt?" said one of the oldest of clerks to Jerry the messenger.

"Ye-es, sir," returned Jerry, in something of a dogged manner. "I *do* know the Bailey."

"Just so. And you know Mr. Lorry."

"I know Mr. Lorry, sir, much better than I know the Bailey. Much better," said Jerry, not unlike a reluctant witness at the establishment in question, "than I, as a honest tradesman, wish to know the Bailey."

"Very well. Find the door where the witnesses go in, and show the doorkeeper this note for Mr. Lorry. He will then let you in."

"Into the court, sir?"

"Into the court."

Mr. Cruncher's eyes seemed to get a little closer to one another, and to interchange the inquiry,

"What do you think of this?"

"Am I to wait in the court, sir?" he asked, as the result of that conference.

"I am going to tell you. The doorkeeper will pass the note to Mr. Lorry, and do you make any gesture that will attract Mr. Lorry's attention, and show him where you stand.—Then what you have to do, is, to remain there until he wants you."

"Is that all, sir."

"That's all. He wishes to have a messenger at hand. This is to tell him you are there."

As the ancient clerk deliberately folded and superscribed the note, Mr. Cruncher, after surveying him in silence until he came to the blotting-paper stage, remarked:

"I suppose they'll be trying Forgeries this morning?"

"Treason!"

"That's quartering," said Jerry. "Barbarous!"

"It is the law," remarked the ancient clerk, turning his surprised spectacles upon him, "It is the law."

"It's hard in the law to spile a man, I think. It's hard enough to kill him, but it's wery hard to spile him, sir."

"Not at all," returned the ancient clerk. "Speak well of the law. Take care of your chest and voice, my good friend, and leave the law to take care of itself. I give you that advice."

"It's the damp, sir, that settles on my chest and voice," said Jerry. "I leave you to judge what a damp way of earning a living mine is."

"Well, well," said the old clerk; "we all have our various ways of gaining a livelihood. Some of us have damp ways, and some of us have dry ways. Here is the letter. Go along."

Jerry took the letter, and remarking to himself with less internal deference than he made an outward show of, "You are a lean old one, too," made his bow, informed his son, in passing, of his destination, and went his way.

They hanged at Tyburn, in those days, so the street outside Newgate had not obtained one infamous notoriety that has since attached to it. But, the gaol was a vile place, in which most kinds of debauchery and villany were practiced, and where dire diseases were bred, that came into court with the prisoners, and sometimes rushed straight from the dock at my Lord Chief Justice himself, and pulled him off the bench. It had more than once happened, that the judge in the black cap pronounced his own doom as certainly as the prisoner's, and even died before him. For the rest, the Old Bailey was famous as a kind of deadly inn-yard, from which pale travellers set out continually, in carts and coaches, on a violent passage into the other world: traversing some two miles and a half of public street and road, and shaming few good citizens if any.—So powerful is use, and so desirable to be good use in the beginning. It was famous, too, for the pillory, a wise old institution, that inflicted a punishment of which no one could foresee the extent; also, for the whipping post, another dear old institution, very humanizing and softening to behold in action; also, for extensive transactions in blood-money, another fragment of ancestral wisdom, systematically leading to the most frightful mercenary crimes that could be committed under Heaven. Altogether, the Old Bailey, at that date, was a choice illustration of the precept, that "Whatever is is right;" an aphorism that would be as final as it is lazy, did it not include the troublesome consequence, that nothing that ever was, was wrong.

Making his way through the tainted crowd, dispersed up and down this hideous scene of action, with the skill of a man accustomed to make his way quietly, the messenger found out the door he sought, and handed in his letter through a trap in it. For people then paid to see the play at the Old Bailey, just as they paid to see the play in Bedlam—only the former entertainment was much the dearer. Therefore, all the Old Bailey doors were well guarded—except, indeed the social doors by which the criminals got there, and they were always left wide open.

After some delay and demur, the door grudgingly turned on its hinges a very little way, and allowed Mr. Jerry Cruncher to squeeze himself into court.

"What's on?" he asked in a whisper, of the man he found himself next to.

"Nothing yet."

"What's coming on?"

"The Treason case."

"The quartering one, eh?"

"Ah!" returned the man, with a relish; "he'll be drawn on a hurdle to be half hanged, and then he'll be taken down and sliced before his own face, and then his inside will be taken out and burnt while he looks on, and then his head will be chopped off, and he'll be cut into quarters. That's the sentence."

"If he's found Guilty, you mean to say?" Jerry added, by way of proviso.

"Oh! they'll find him Guilty," said the other. "Don't you be afraid of that."

Mr. Cruncher's attention was here diverted to the doorkeeper, whom he saw making his way to Mr. Lorry, with the note in his hand.—Mr. Lorry sat at a table, among the gentleman in wigs: not far from a wigged gentleman, the prisoner's counsel, who had a great bundle of papers before him: and nearly opposite another wigged gentleman with his hands in his pockets, whose whole attention, when Mr. Cruncher looked at him then or afterwards, seemed to be concentrated on the ceiling of the court. After some gruff coughing and rubbing of his chin and signing with his hand, Jerry attracted the notice of Mr. Lorry, who had stood up to look for him, and who quietly nodded, and sat down again.

"What's *he* got to do with the case?" asked the man he had spoken with.

"Blest if I know," said Jerry.

"What have *you* got to do with it, then, if a person may inquire?"

"Blest if I know that, either," said Jerry.

The entrance of the Judge, and a consequent great stir and settling down in the court, stopped the dialogue. Presently, the dock became the central point of interest. Two gaolers, who had been standing there, went out, and the prisoner was brought in, and put to the bar.

Everybody present, except the one wigged gentleman who looked at the ceiling, stared at him. All the human breath in the place, rolled at him, like a sea, or a wind, or a fire. Eager faces strained round pillars and corners, to get a sight of him; spectators in back rows stood up, not to miss a hair of him; people on the floor of the court, laid their hands on the shoulders of the people before them, to help themselves, at anybody's cost, to a view of him—stood a-tiptoe, got upon ledges, stood upon next to nothing to see every inch of him.—Conspicuous among these latter, like an animated bit of the spiked wall of Newgate, Jerry stood: aiming at the prisoner the beery breath of a whet he had taken as he came along, and discharging it to mingle with the waves of other beer, and gin, and tea, and coffee, and what not, that flowed at him, and already broke upon the great windows behind him in an impure mist and rain.

The object of all this staring and blaring, was a young man, of about five-and-twenty, well grown and well-looking, with a sunburnt cheek and a dark eye. His condition was that of a young gentleman. He was plainly dressed in black, or very dark grey, and his hair, which was long and dark, was gathered in a ribbon at the back of his neck; more to be out of his way than for ornament. As an emotion of the mind will express itself through any covering of the body, so the paleness which his situation engendered came through the brown upon his cheek, showing the soul to be stronger than the sun. He was otherwise quite self-possessed, bowed to the Judge, and stood quiet.

The sort of interest with which this man was stared and breathed at, was not a sort that elevated humanity. Had he stood in peril of a less horrible sentence—had there been a chance of any one of its savage details being spared—by just so much would he have lost in his fascination. The form that was to be doomed to be so shamefully mangled, was the sight; the immortal creature that was to be so butchered and torn asunder, yielded the sensation. Whatever gloss the various spectators put upon the interest, according to their several arts and powers of self-deceit, the interest was, at the root of it, Ogreish.

Silence in the court! Charles Darnay had yesterday pleaded Not Guilty to an indictment denouncing him (with infinite jingle and jangle) for that he was a false traitor to our serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, prince, our Lord the King, by reason of his having, on divers occasions, and by divers means and ways, assisted Lewis, the French King, in his wars against our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth; that was to say, by coming and going between the dominions of our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, and those of the said French Lewis, and wickedly, falsely, traitorously, and otherwise evil-adverbiously, revealing to the said French Lewis what forces our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, had in preparation to send to Canada and North America. This much, Jerry, with his head becoming more and more spiky as the law terms bristled it, made out with huge satisfaction, and so arrived circuitously at the understanding that the aforesaid, and over and over again aforesaid, Charles Darnay, stood there before him upon his trial; that the jury were swearing in; and that Mr. Attorney-General was making ready to speak.

The accused, who was (and who knew he was) being mentally hanged, beheaded, and quartered, by everybody there, neither flinched from the situation, nor assumed any theatrical air in it. He was quiet and attentive; watched the opening proceedings with a grave interest; and stood with his hands resting on the slab of wood before him, so composedly, that they had not displaced a leaf of the herbs with which it was strewn. The court was all bestrewn with herbs and sprinkled with vinegar, as a precaution against gaol air and gaol fever.

Over the prisoner's head, there was a mirror, to throw the light down upon him. Crowds of the wicked and the wretched had been reflected in it, and had passed from its surface and this earth's together. Haunted in a most ghastly manner that abominable place would have been, if the glass could ever have rendered back its reflexions, as the ocean is one day to give up its dead. Some passing thought of the infamy and disgrace for which it had been reserved, may have struck the prisoner's mind. Be that as it may, a change in his position making him conscious of a bar of light across his face, he looked up; and when he saw the glass his face flushed, and his right hand pushed the herbs away.

It happened, that the action turned his face to that side of the court which was on his left. About on a level with his eyes, there sat, in that corner of the Judge's bench, two persons upon whom his look immediately rested; so immediately, and so much to the changing of his aspect, that all the eyes that were turned upon him, turned to them.

The spectators saw in the two figures, a young lady of little more than twenty, and a gentleman who was evidently her father; a man of a very remarkable appearance in respect of the absolute whiteness of his hair, and a certain indescribable intensity of face; not of an active kind, but pondering and self-communing. When this expression was upon him, he looked as if he were old; but, when it was stirred and broken up—as it was now, in a moment, on his speaking to his daughter—he became a handsome man, not past the prime of life.

His daughter had one of her hands drawn through his arm, as she sat by him, and the other pressed upon it. She had drawn close to him, in her dread of the scene, and in her pity for the prisoner. Her forehead had been strikingly expressive of an engrossing terror and compassion that saw nothing but the peril of the accused. This had been so very noticeable, so very powerfully and naturally shown, that starers who had had no pity for him were touched by her; and the whisper went about, "Who are they?"

Jerry, the messenger, who had made his own observations in his own manner, and who had been sucking the rust off his fingers in his absorption, stretched his neck to hear who they were. The crowd about him had pressed and passed the inquiry on to the nearest attendant, and from him it had been more slowly pressed and passed back; at last it got to Jerry:

"Witnesses."

"For which side?"

"Against."

"Against what side?"

"The prisoner's."

The Judge, whose eyes had gone to the general direction, recalled them, leaned back in his seat and looked steadily at the man whose life was in his hand, as Mr. Attorney-General rose to spin the rope, grind the axe, and hammer the nails into the scaffold.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

WEDDING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Easter Monday a most extraordinary wedding took place at Salisbury, the bridegroom being a cattle dealer who had long resisted the fascinations of the gentle sex, but who vowed that if ever he did get married he would ride to and from the church on a donkey. His friends kept him to his word, and when he resolved to visit the altar of Hymen, they provided no fewer than fifteen donkeys, that they might bear him company *en suite*. This ludicrous wedding procession, headed by a fife band, went the necessary rounds on Monday, and attracted the attention of considerable crowds.

THE great trot recently between Flora Temple and Ethan Allen attracted an immense crowd to the Fashion Course. $8,000 gate-money was received. Flora won—time, 2 25, 2.27½, 2.27½; the quickest time ever made on the American turf by horses before wagons. There has been no such excitement here among the "fancy" who pride themselves on horse flesh, since the great race between Fashion and Lady Suffolk.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL SCOTT has watered five hundred bottles of champagne that Louis Napoleon will never return to Paris. There are gentlemen who are ready to double the bet against him.

FLOOD IN TEXAS.—LOSS OF LIFE.—The Dallas (Texas) Herald, says that on the 5th ultimo there was a most terrific rain storm, which continued for three days. A gentleman residing near West York, finding the waters rapidly rising and surrounding his house, attempted to move his family to a place of safety. He had a wife and seven children, so, taking two of the little ones, he placed them upon a shed at some distance, and was about to return for the rest, when he found the shed was moving, and a considerable time elapsed before he succeeded in placing them in security. On returning to where his house had stood he found no vestige remaining of it, nor of his wife and the other five children. The coming on of night prevented further search then; the next morning, however, it was renewed, but no trace of the missing family was found.

THE Pope evidently has no great hopes for the Church from either side in this quarrel, for he prudently maintains a strict neutrality. It is said that on receiving the Duke of Grammont a few days ago, as the bearer of a letter from the Emperor Napoleon promising him protection, his Holiness, holding up a crucifix, observed, "Behold my only support." Some similar answer to this was given by his illustrious predecessor, to the first Napoleon when he offered protection, and afterwards made the Pope captive.

THE tent intended for the use of the Emperor in Italy is made of strong canvas, striped blue and white, and lined. It is about five meters in height, supported by two poles only, and decorated outside with two small flags. Inside it is divided into three compartments—a saloon, bedroom and dressing-room. The hangings leave a door for each room, and there are window-like openings for ventilation. An iron bedstead, camp-stools, small tables, and a washing-stand, compose the furniture. Its wood-work and all the furniture can be readily taken to pieces and packed in cases of small size and very light carriage. The tent was made for the Crimean campaign, but never used. Part of the furniture has memorable historic associations. The iron bedstead was used by Napoleon I. in nearly all his campaigns. The toilet utensils and dressing case, all silver, likewise belonged to that great captain.

BAD TASTE.—Miss Judson, who eloped from Pontiac, Michigan, with a negro, and married him, to the great disgust of all her friends, is to be rendered still more notorious. The whole story has been dramatised, and will shortly be produced at the Metropolitan Theatre, Detroit.

HON. N. B. BROWNE has been appointed Postmaster of this city, in place of Mr. Westcott, Mr. Robbins having declined the appointment. Mr. Browne will undoubtedly make a good Postmaster.

IT is stated that a number of young men of Grass Valley, California, have formed themselves into an anti-cursing club. Each member, when he gets off an oath is immediately fined 25 cts., which must be paid into the treasury. The fund is to be devoted to some charitable purpose, when sufficiently large to be of any practical benefit. They have already succeeded in cursing the club into a pew into the church, and have funds on hand to devote to a painting.

RIDICULOUS.—In St. Louis, recently, Miss Effie Carstang, a lady of about twenty-five, obtained a verdict of *one hundred thousand dollars* against an old gentleman named Henry Shaw, for a breach of promise of marriage. The defendant is sixty-five years of age, and, of course, very rich. The case has been on trial for some days, and excited much interest. It is understood that the counsel for the defendant will file a demand to have the verdict set aside, and also a petition for a new trial.

IRON ORE SMELTED WITH RAW COAL.—The proprietors of the Iron Mountain, in Missouri, have succeeded in smelting the ore from the mountain with the raw bituminous coal that is mined in the vicinity of St. Louis. The experiment is pronounced to be eminently successful.

NOT MUCH IDLE TIME.—Down on the "Eastern Shore" of Virginia, there is an editor, who is also his own compositor and pressman, who makes occasional voyages along the coast to Norfolk as captain of the schooner Polly, who preaches on Sunday, teaches school on week days, and still finds time to take care of a wife and sixteen children.

THE Troy Whig says there is a girl residing with her parents in the lower part of the city, who is twelve years and four months of age, and is mother of a child about a month old.—Its father is only in his sixteenth year.

PICCOLOMINI has left New York, in the Vanderbilt, for Europe. It is said her engagement has resulted in a total profit of about thirty thousand dollars, which is doing very well for eight months.

THE wheat harvest has commenced in Mississippi, Georgia and other Southern States.—This week wheat will be ready for cutting in Kentucky and Southern Illinois.

ACCURATE DIVERS.—The correspondent of the London Times, who accompanies the Austrian army, says:—"The statements made about the animosity of the Italians against the Austrians are untrue. I have myself been only three days in Piedmont on this occasion, but I have already ridden 140 miles, and stopped at nearly every village, and to an Englishman the natives would not conceal their feelings. I can assure you that their anger is all against their own government, not for this war merely, but for the whole policy of overloading them with taxes, such as our exploded window tax, and a tax on carriages, for the purpose of keeping up an army beyond the wants of the country. I speak of the peasantry. The burghers and lawyers may think differently."

THE Democrats have carried Virginia, electing their candidate for Governor, and all their candidates for Congress, except one. The Democratic majority is supposed to be from 5,000 to 6,000.

GREAT CALF.—Mr. Bennett Webb, of Pocopson township, Chester county, Pa., has a calf one week old, which weighed, within twenty-four hours of its birth, one hundred and twenty-three pounds.

HARD PUSHED FOR MONEY.—A letter from Vienna says:—"The pawning of jewels is not confined to the crown diamonds of the State, but the Princesses of the Austrian Court are said to be patronizing the Jews. In addition to this, a 'benevolence,' as it was called in the middle ages, when the clergy opened their purse-strings, is going on in all the wealthy monasteries in Austria."

THE WHEAT CROP OF TEXAS.—The Shreveport (Texas) Gazette, after a glowing description of the wheat crop throughout that part of the State, says:—"As soon as our railroad extends into the prairies, capitalists will establish larger flouring mills in this place, and ship thousands of barrels of new flour to New Orleans, a month before the western produce can come into market."

A FLOURISHING CITY.—Denver City, Kansas, is a log city, containing about 100 log cabins. Corner lots range in price from $50 to $500. The inhabitants are Indians, Mexicans and white people—about equally divided—all hard cases, drinking and fighting all the while, some one killed every week—now and then one hung. So says a Pike's Peaker, and his description is like that of "John Phenix's," speaking of San Diego, California:—"All night long, in this sweet little village, may be heard the soft note of the pistol, and the pleasant shriek of the victim," &c.—*Exchange Paper.*

THE steam carriage of Mr. Fisher, of Paterson, N. J., to run on common roads, was tried, a few days ago, but did not work very satisfactorily, being unable to make steam sufficient to propel it up hill.

PERFECTION OF COUNTERFEITING.—Spurious bills of the Brighton (Mass.) bank, were put in circulation in Boston last week, which the engraver himself believed to be genuine. It was only when a microscope was used that the bills were discovered to be counterfeit. They were so perfectly executed, that it is said it would be impossible for any practised eye to discover the difference without the aid of the microscope.

IT is said that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton will make about £15,000 out of his last novel, "What Will he Do With It?" Another 5,000 edition of his two guinea four volume has been issued. Say the profit to him is only a clear half, (says the Court Journal,) and there goes into his pocket a sum equal to his year's salary as Secretary of State.

GERMAN FEELING.—In Munich, as well as in Stuttgardt and Dresden, female societies are forming for the purpose of pledging as many of the fair sex as possible to refrain from wearing crinoline, or any other articles of French manufacture.

ABOLITIONISTS IN LUCK.—By the will of the late Charles F. Hovey, the leading dry goods merchant of Boston, his estate is to be appropriated as follows:—To his wife $50,000; to each of his four children $17,000; to William Lloyd Garrison, Henry C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury, and Stephen S. Foster $2,000 each. Several legacies are made to the relatives, and the balance of the estate, which is supposed to amount to $40,000, to Wendell Phillips, Francis Jackson, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and others, for the benefit of the Anti-Slavery Society, Woman's Rights and Non-Resistance Societies.

THE LOCUSTS.—The Southern papers chronicle the appearance of the locusts in various portions of the country. The Lexington (Miss.) Advertiser says they emerge from the earth, leaving the ground perforated with holes of the size of a five cent piece. It is thirteen years since their last appearance. They fill the air with their hollow, monotonous song, but are considered rather expensive musicians.

GOOD FOR PITTSBURG—REPUDIATION CONDEMNED.—A protest, signed by many of the wealthiest and most esteemed citizens and tax-payers of Pittsburg, Allegheny and the county, *against repudiation*, appears in the Pittsburg papers.—They disavow all past proceedings in favor of repudiation, and express great anxiety to counteract their disastrous influence. Most of the great iron and manufacturing firms have signed the paper, which is very well drawn up.

NO PASSOX is admitted in Boston to see Paul Morphy without a ticket. This is very ridiculous, and Mr. Morphy will have to be careful that the Bostonians do not turn his head.

GOV. S———was a splendid lawyer, and could talk a jury out of their seven senses. He was especially noted for his success in criminal cases, almost always clearing his client. He was once counsel for a man accused of horse stealing. He made, a long, eloquent and touching speech. The jury retired, but returned in a few moments, and with tears in their eyes, proclaimed the man not guilty. An old acquaintance stepped up to the prisoner, and said: "Jem, the danger is past; and now, honor bright, didn't you steal that horse?"—To which Jem replied: "Well, Tom, I've all along thought I took that horse; but since I've heard the Governor's speech, *I don't believe I did!*"

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN is now on a visit to North Carolina, where he is very warmly received, and is enjoying himself hugely. In one of his speeches, "he closed by saying that he was getting tired of the cares and troubles of office: that he had now reached a period of life which rendered the repose and comforts of home desirable, and that at the end of his present four years' service, he should repair to the shades of Wheatland, and there prepare for that summons which, sooner or later, awaits every member of the human family. He was loudly cheered at the close of his remarks."

ROSA, the beloved daughter of Chas. Mackay, died at Naples on the 26th of February. It is said that she was one of the loveliest and most accomplished girls in England, thoroughly educated, a fine linguist, an exquisite musician, and of the rarest personal beauty. A few months ago she left home, accompanied by her mother, to realize the dream of her life—a winter in Italy. Reaching Naples, she died of gastric fever, after a few days' illness, at the age of 19.

THE English papers report the death of Mrs. Young, a lady of high social position, under the excitement produced by receiving the joyful intelligence of the election of her nephew to the House of Commons.

A PARIS correspondent of The Boston Post says that the Empress Eugenie, as Regent, is said to have given great cause of uneasiness by her behavior at the Council. She broke forth into an opinion of her own which astonished them all. She declared the war to be unjust and wicked, exposed her conviction that it would never come to a prosperous end; and, in the midst of sobs and exclamations betraying, by sundry appeals and passionate entreaties immediately to cause the strife to cease, that all these ideas had been lodged in her beautiful head by no less a personage than the Archbishop of Paris, went off into a fit of mind moist hysterics, and, sinking back in her chair, covered her face with her handkerchief and spoke no more.

A PUSH FOR LIFE.—Among the victims destined to the recent sacrifice at Tacubaya, Mexico, was one Col. Arroditado, whose bold and successful leap for his life is worthy of record. Col. Arroditado, as the New Orleans Picayune is informed by one who had it from an eye-witness, was already in the hands of the assassins, who, drawn up in a line, were about directing their pieces at him, when he cried aloud, so as to be heard not only by the bystanders, but by others at a distance, "Hold, hold, there, a moment! I have a message, a revelation for the General-in Chief." The tone of voice in which this announcement was made seemed so earnest and so sincere that it made instant impression upon the officers in command, who at once suspended the execution. No sooner, however, were the guns lowered, than the bold man, his limbs now free, leaped from the midst of the crowd, cleared a slight enclosure, knocking down two soldiers in his way, plunged into a deep ravine, and, notwithstanding several hasty, random shots from the party he so unceremoniously left, made good his escape with his life.

A Polite Suicide.—The Spanish Consul for Australia, Don Antonio de Ayala, lately blew out his brains while in England, but, before doing so, wrote a letter of apology to the Duke of Marlborough for destroying himself in his Grace's park, which is a perfect curiosity in its way. There is a wondrous deal of simplicity as well as politeness in it:—

"Woodstock, April 14.

"My Lord:—I humbly ask your Lordship's pardon and forgiveness for the great liberty I have taken in coming to put an end to my dreary and miserable existence in your park. It may be a childish feeling, but one cannot blow his brains out in a common road, or one of those cultivated fields full of cottages, and life, and civilization, and railways, and establishments of all kinds, of which your blessed country of England abounds. So I have not found another proper place to die decently than your handsome park, and you must bear the inconvenience of a dead man in your grounds. I mean no offence.

"I have yesterday visited your house, hoping the sight of good things, and chiefly good paintings, could do me good, and soften the wild ideas that had led me to put an end to my life; but all of no use. Your manor is one of the most noble, splendid things I saw in my life, and I have travelled about and seen nearly every thing worth seeing. You have the finest Rubens that can be seen; that should have a great attraction for me under other circumstances, but now they have been of no use.

"I hope, with that splendid house, and park, and paintings, and library, you are happy, my Lord. If that is the case, you will have a kind heart, and pity a poor devil come to die in your grounds. If, on the contrary, you are miserable also, as wealth is a medium, and does not constitute happiness, then you will say, like old Dico,

"'Non ignara mali, miseris succurere disco,'

and pity me, and order that they shall leave me quiet, and bury me in the spot I have died, and put a cross on it, in the Spanish fashion. I will be very grateful to you in the other world for it if you do so, and wish not to trouble any more your Lordship about me.

"I am, my Lord, yours, respectfully,

A. Aubon de Ayala."

Romantic, Verily.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Mercury in a notice of Morphy, the great chess-player, says a queer incident occurred to him soon after his arrival in New York. A carriage drove to the St. Nicholas, in which was seated a splendidly-dressed lady. She sent up a card and requested an interview with the chess champion. The interview was granted, when the fair visitor demanded the privilege of playing a game with Mr. Morphy. Mr. M. looked at the magnificent eyes of the stranger, and said, "Yes, certainly." The chess-table was brought to the window, and Mr. Morphy placed the men. The lady, of course, was permitted the first move. Half a dozen moves were made on either side, and Morphy found himself interested—his visitor promised to prove the most formidable antagonist he had had for a long time. Being absorbed in the game, Morphy directed the servant to admit no one else until it was completed. The game lasted two hours, and was drawn. The lady was then satisfied, and blushingly took her leave, Morphy himself accompanying her to her carriage. The moment she had gone, Morphy and his friends set at work to ascertain the identity of the beautiful visitor, not doubting that the name upon her card could be found in the directory. This, however proved to be a mistake, and though every endeavor was made to ascertain precisely who was the visitor, the gentlemen are as much in the dark as ever. Whoever she may be, she played the best game in which Morphy was ever a contestant, and she probably adopted these means of matching herself with Morphy in order to assure herself of her own skill.

New Biblical Discovery.—Professor Tischendorf, who had been sent by the Russian government on a journey of scientific exploration, in a letter from Cairo, dated the 15th of March, states, to the Minister of Saxony, Herr von Falkenstein, that he has succeeded in making some valuable discoveries relative to the Bible. The most important of these discoveries is a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures from the fourth century; consequently as old as the famous manuscript of the Vatican, which hitherto, in all commentaries maintained the first rank. This it will have to share in future with the newly-discovered manuscript, if Herr Tischendorf be not mistaken. In three hundred and forty-six beautifully fine parchment leaves, of such size that only two can have been cut out of one skin, it contains the greatest part of the prophets, the Psalms, the Book of Job, the Book of Jesus Sirach, the Proverbs, the Songs of Solomon, and several of the Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament; but then the whole of the New Testament is complete. Another valuable discovery of Prof. Tischendorf's is described as an undoubted and complete manuscript of the Epistles of Barnabas, and of the Shepherd of Hermas, both belonging to the second century of the Christian era, and originally standing in the esteem of Scriptural Epistles. Herr Tischendorf hopes, from the munificence of the Russian government, that he will be enabled to give immediate publication to these three manuscripts.

Singing the Marseillaise in Paris.—The Paris correspondent of *The Boston Traveller*, in speaking of the exciting events of the departure of the French Emperor from Paris, relates the following incident:—

"I saw a whole regiment pass under the windows of the Tuileries, where Louis Napoleon and his Court were standing, and as they reeled along the crowded street, shouting *La Marseillaise*—that war song, that *Ranz des Vaches* of liberty, which makes freemen home-sick. How the *sergens de ville* ran from every corner to silence the anachronological rascals! Didn't they bawl furiously! But you should have seen the officers drive back the police, bidding them, in the imperative voice of camps, 'Let them alone. They have a right to sing anything they please!' The din of arms hath even drowned the voice of the law. Louder, louder they sang *La Marseillaise*, the band playing it with inexpressible spirit. The next regiment heard the old acquaintance, and struck up its fellow—*Mourir Pour la Patrie*—the famous song of the Girondins. The Imperial song—*Partant Pour la Syrie*—was heard nowhere; court 'dost-ling-island' is too unsubstantial a food for this crisis. Every soldier feels he is engaged in a contest whose end and whose combatants no one can foresee."

Street Scene in Iowa.—A lively and ludicrous combat between a female physician, Mrs. Stillwell, and a regular trowsered doctor, named McNeil, took place in the streets of De Witt, Iowa, a few days ago. The affair grew out of professional rivalry, the immediate provocation being a lengthy article in the village paper from the pen of the male disciple of Esculapius, severely reflecting on the character of his professional sister. The latter after a careful diagnosis of the case, decided that it was one calling for the vigorous application of a stimulant in the shape of a cowskin. Providing herself with this article, she hunted up her traducer, and plied him so assiduously with heavy doses of the new therapeutical agent, at remarkably short intervals, that the patient, unable to bear such bold practice, clasped the fair practitioner in his arms, and held her so forcibly and affectionately, that the efforts of the town marshal were necessary to release her. At the latest accounts both doctor and patient were doing well.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 150—Adults 96, and children 54.

Lecture on Physical Education.—We learn that Dr. George B. Windship, of Roxbury, has prepared a lecture on Physical Education, which he will soon deliver. He has for several years given much attention to the subject, and is practically qualified, as few men are, to speak on it. Dr. W. is twenty-five years of age, five feet seven inches in height, and weighs 143 pounds. In proportion to his weight, he is believed by many persons who have examined into the question to be the strongest man ever known.

He can raise a barrel of flour from the floor on to his shoulder; can raise himself with either little finger, till his chin is half a foot above it; can raise 200 pounds with either little finger; can put up a dumb bell of 141 pounds; exercises daily with two dumb bells weighing 100 pounds each, which he can raise alternately above his head; can lift with the hands 926 pounds dead weight, without the aid of straps or belts of any kind. Topham, the strong man of England, could raise only 800 pounds in the same way; and the celebrated Belgian giant could lift only 800. With straps it is supposed that a person could lift nearly four times as much as by his hands alone. If this is correct Dr. W. can lift at least 3,500 pounds.

Dr. W. is a thorough gymnast; and when he graduated at Cambridge five years ago, he was without a competitor. It is his theory that almost any able bodied man can by a right system of exercise, not only greatly augment his strength, but add materially to his physical health. A lecture from a man so admirably qualified to speak on the subject of physical education, cannot fail to command attention, and to be listened to with interest. He will illustrate his lecture by some remarkable exhibitions of strength.—*Boston Paper.*

Decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio on the Fugitive Slave Rescuers.—A hearing was had before the Supreme Court of Ohio, on the 30th ult., on a habeas corpus in the case of the Oberlin slave rescuers, recently convicted and sentenced at Cleveland. The Court was divided, the majority, including the Chief Justice and two of the Judges, concurring in the opinion—and two Judges, Brinkerhoff and Sutliff, dissenting.

The Court held that the Constitution of the United States guaranteed to the owner of an escaped slave the right of reclamation—that a rescuer violates the Constitution, whether the Acts of 1793 and 1850 are constitutional or not—that the Fugitive Slave Law legislation of Congress has been so long and so generally acquiesced in, that it is not now an open question—that its constitutionality has never been denied by the Supreme Court of any State, the Court of Wisconsin, notwithstanding the popular impression, not forming an exception—and that if the power of Congress to provide for the punishment of rescuers of escaped slaves, is to be disregarded, and all laws which may be passed by Congress on this subject from henceforth are to be persistently resisted and nullified, the work of revolution should not be begun by the conservators of the public peace.—The prisoners were therefore remanded to the United States authorities.

The dissenting Judges denied the constitutionality of all acts of Congress relating to the subject—averring that the clause in the Constitution referring to fugitives from justice or labor, was in the nature of a compact between the States, without any authority being conferred upon the Federal Government to touch the matter at all.

Louis Napoleon in 1840.—The German papers, which sympathize with Austria in the present war, are digging out of the lumber of the past some of the facts which show Louis Napoleon's antecedents and his opinions in earlier life. The following is one of those reproduced to prove how valueless his expressed opinions are:

Proclamation of His Majesty the French Emperor, Napoleon III., on Landing at Boulougne, 1840.—I appear among you as a warm and true Democrat and Republican. I take the shadow of the man of the century as the symbol of the promise, which I now solemnly make. I will be, as I always was, a child of France. In every Frenchman I will ever see a brother.—The Democratic Republic is the object of my adoration, and I will be her minister. *Never will I try to clothe myself in Imperial robes.*—May my heart cease to beat on the day when I shall forget what I owe to you—what I owe to France. May my mouth forever be shut if I ever say a word against the Republican sovereignty of the French people. May I be cursed should I suffer that in my name doctrines were taught, contrary to the Democratic principle and the government of the Republic. May I be condemned, if I should lay a treasonable hand against the rights of the people, be it even with their consent, or against their will, by force. And now believe me, as I do believe you, and may this call from me be like a prayer to Heaven. *Vive la Republique!*

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

Moving Cause of Divorce.—Mrs. Rosanna Underwood has just been divorced from her husband in Boston, last week. One reason urged was neglect to provide properly for her support. She also proved that during the first year of their marriage they had resided in nine different houses, and during the second year in eleven. The court is said to have been of opinion that the last consideration was clearly a justifiable cause for granting the bill.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 5 pr ct, 1858		
" " '62	106	
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	104½	104¾
Phila 6 pr ct, mid	97	—
" " new	99¾	100
" 6 "	—	94½
Penn 6 pr ct	75	—
" 5 "	102	—
" 5 " coupon	90½	90¾
Tenn 6 pr ct	—	82
" 5 " coupon	75	80
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	85¾	—
Ohio 6 " 1860	108	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	99½	99¾
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	82	—
Ca., State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	130	140
Philadelphia	112	112½
Par & Mec	56	60
Commercial	61	—
N Liberty	26½	27
Mechanics	63	—
Southwark	39½	—
P Township	38	—
Kensington	36	—
Girard	—	46½
Western	—	39
Man & Mech	25	26
Commerce	67	—
Tradesmen's	63½	—
City	97	97½
Consolidation	24½	—
Commonwealth	19	—
Corn Exchange	—	25
Germantown	—	18
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	66	—
Exchange	54	—
Kentucky " Ky.	121	—
Northern "	120	132
Louisville "	114	—
Farmers "	130½	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	108	—
Planters "	112	—
N O Gas Light	108	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	—	94
Washington Gas Light Co	—	21
Lehigh Zinc	13	14
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	4
N American Ins'ance	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	28
Southwark & Frankford R R	56	—
Reading	91	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	108½	—
2nd "	97	—
stock	—	—
interest off	39½	—
Cam & Amboy 6 pr at bonds 1864	—	93
stock	121½	122
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	77½	80
mort 6's '44	—	—
" 6s	71	72½
stock	29½	30½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	—	90
stock	40	42
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	33½	—
6 pr ct loan '60	93	—
Ches Val R R 7s	40	—
Tioga R R 7s	—	88
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	89	89½
2d "	—	50
stock	20	21
Catawissa	8	—
Beaver Meadow stock	97½	99
preferred 10 pr ct	98	—
North Penna R R stock	8½	9½
6 pr ct loan	62½	64
Phi Ger & Nor R R stock	—	51½
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	50	53½
Har and Lan R R stock	55	56
bonds '85	90	—
L Schuylkill R R stock	15½	17
Long Island R R stock	103	104
bonds	—	92
Erie R R stock	61	—
Hudson River R R	31	—
N Y Central "	72½	—
Michigan Central "	87½	89½
Illinois "	58	—
Michigan Southern "	91	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '32	70½	71
1859 6 pr ct	—	76
stock	—	9
preferred	—	17
Lehigh Nav stock	41	43
mort 6 pr ct	100	100
scrip	25	27
Morris Canal preferred	—	54½
Ches & Del	106	107
bonds	41	—
Union	77½	—
bonds	—	3
Sus & Tidewater	33½	34
bonds 1878	84	88

The Indianapolis Journal says that Mr. Frederick Rasch, of that city, a well-known and prosperous produce-dealer, who went to Europe some six or eight weeks since on a visit to his old home and friends, immediately on his arrival in Prussia was claimed as a conscript, forced into the army, and is now held there to serve out his three years as a Prussian soldier.

A Dear Clock.—The clock at Westminster, England, has cost the nation $110,000. Punch says it is a strong exemplification of the homely truth, "Time is money."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The inert condition of the Breadstuffs market which we noted at the close of last week continued to be its prominent feature, notwithstanding the accounts from Europe, were of a more encouraging character. Prices abroad, with but few exceptions, are ruling considerably below the rates now current here, and we again reduce our quotations 25c ₱ bbl. Sales of 2500 bbls mixed and good brands at $6,75@7; 2300 bbls Extra at $7@7,25, and 2850 bbls Extra Family at $7,50, including 1400 bbls of the latter on terms not made public; 200 bbls Brandywine at $7,37½; and 100 bbls Middlings, at $5. At the close, superfine was dull at $6,75. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been to a fair extent within the range of these rates, and fancy lots at $8@8,50 ₱ bbl. as in quality. Rye Flour comes forward slowly, and the stock is as light as the demand for it is limited. Sales of 200 bbls at $4,50 ₱ bbl, which is a decline. Corn Meal is rather more inquired after, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 800 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,37½@4.

GRAIN—The market has been well supplied with Wheat since our last notice, but the demand has been quite good for milling, holders having submitted to a decline of fully 10c ₱ bus. Sales of 28,000 bus Southern, Pennsylvania and Western Red at $1,60@1,70, and White at $1,70@1,85 ₱ bus for fair and choice quality, including 3000 bus of inferior lots beldw our lowest quotations. Rye has come forward slowly, and meets a good demand at an advance of 2c ₱ bus. Sales of 5000 bus Pennsylvania, early in the week, at 90c, and 2000 bus since at 92c, which was the figure at the close. Corn—Supplies have been coming forward very liberally during the past week. Sales of 40,000 bus Yellow, chiefly at 90@91c, afloat and in store—including 3000 bus on Thursday at 93c; 2000 bus damaged and inferior at 83@85c, and 2000 bus prime at 91@92c; but at the close buyers only offered 90c. Oats have been coming forward quite freely, and prices declined 2@3c, early in the week, but since an active inquiry has sprung up, and this concession has been recovered. Sales of 18,000 bus prime Pennsylvania at 50@52—closing at 52c, afloat.

PROVISIONS—There is a limited trade doing in all descriptions, but prices generally have been well maintained. Sales of 300 bbls Western Mess Pork at $17,75, cash. Of Prime Pork the stock is extremely light. City Packed Mess Beef is selling in lots for ship stores within the range of our quotations. Bacon meets a limited inquiry, but the stock is light and prices steady. Sales of 200 casks at 10½@12½c for Hams; 10@12½c for Sides, and 8@8½c for Shoulders. Green Salted Meats meet a moderate demand, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 100 casks Hams, in salt, at 9c; 70 casks Extra Sugar Cured do at 10½c; Sides at 8½c; and 90 casks Shoulders at 7@7½c, 60 days. 20,000 ℔s Country sold at 9@9½c, and 7c for Country Hams, Sides and Shoulders. Lard is held firmly. The receipts and stocks continue light. Sales of 200 tcs and bbls at 12½@12½c, and 500 kegs at 13½@13½c, on time. Butter is dull. Sales of 10,000 ℔s Solid Packed at 9@11c for old and fresh. Ohio Cheese continues to sell at 10½@10½c. Eggs command 13@14c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been excessively dull since our last notice, under the discouraging advices from abroad, and prices declined ⅛@⅛c ₱ ℔. At the close there was a little better feeling and rather more inquiry, but at figures generally below the views of holders. Sales of 880 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 10½@12⅜c ₱ ℔, cash and on time, for low grades and middling fair quality.

BARK—Quercitron Bark is in moderate demand at the decline noted last week; sales of 150 hhds coarse No 1 at $28, and fine at $29@30 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark comes forward slowly; sales of Chestnut, in lots, at $10½@11, and three cargoes of Spanish at $14@15 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX is rather lower, and there is less inquiry; sales of 2,400 ℔s good Yellow at 35½@37c ₱ ℔, cash.

COAL—The trade continues in a very unsatisfactory condition; we quote Schuylkill Red Ash at $3,25@3,35, and White Ash at $3,15@3,25 ₱ ton, free on board at Richmond. Nothing doing in Bituminous Coal, and it is not wanted.

COFFEE—The market has been excessively dull since our last notice, and prices are ½c lower; sales of 1000 bags Rio, in lots, at 10½@11½c; 2482 do by auction, at 10½@12½c, averaging $10,98, 30, 60 days and 4 mos—a decline on the medium and low grades of fully ½c; and 1200 bags Laguayra at 11½c on time.

COPPER is dull. Sales of English Sheathing at 27c, and Yellow Metal at 21c ₱ ℔, 6 mos.

FEATHERS are unchanged. Small sales of good Western at 45@47c ₱ ℔.

FRUIT—There is but little doing. Dried Apples are selling in lots at 8@8½c, and Dried Peaches from 7½@10 ₱ ℔ for unpared halves and quarters.

HEMP is extremely quiet, and of American there is no stock here in first hands.

HIDES are in demand at full rates, but the stock in first hands is about exhausted.

HOPS meet a limited inquiry. Sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 12@15c ₱ ℔.

IRON—The market for Pig Iron continues exceedingly dull, 500 tons No 2 Forge sold at $22,25, 6 mos. Sales in a small way at $23, 22, and 21 ₱ ton, 6 mos, for the three numbers. A lot of Charcoal Blooms sold at $65, 6 mos. A sale of 500 tons old Railroad Bars was made on terms kept private. For Bar and Boiler Iron there is a limited inquiry at previous rates.

LEAD is dull. Sales of 528 pigs Virginia at $5,-75, cash, which is a decline.

LEATHER—The market is very poorly supplied with prime Slaghter, while other descriptions are neglected.

LUMBER—There is less inquiry, and less firmness in prices. Sales of 200,000 feet Yellow Pine Boards, ranging from $15 to 18 ₱ M feet; Spruce Boards sell at $13, and Hemlock at $11. Laths come forward slowly, and command $1,50@1,75 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market is very dull, but supplies come forward less freely. Prices have declined fully 2c ₱ gallon. Sales of a cargo of 258 hhds 30 tes Clayed Cuba at 27c; and 100 bbls New Orleans at 42c, 4 mos.

PLASTER continues scarce. A small invoice of Soft sold at $3 ₱ ton.

SPIRITS are quiet. Sales of N E Rum at 36@38c. Whiskey is very dull and has again declined 2c ₱ gallon. Sales of 300 bbls Ohio at 28@29c; 350 bbls Penna at 27@29c; hbds at 27c, and Drudge at 26c. A sale of 25 bbls Monongahela at 55c. Alcohol is selling at 56@62c.

SUGAR—There has been a downward tendency in the market since our last report, and we reduce our quotations ¼@½c ₱ ℔. Sales of 600 hhds at $5,75@6 for English Island and Cuba; $7@7,50 for Porto Rico, and $8,50@7,25 for New Orleans.

SEEDS—There is more inquiry for Cloverseed, and less offering. Sales of 500 bus at $5,50@5,60 ₱ 64 lbs. Timothy commands $1,87½@2, and Flaxseed $1,70@1,75 ₱ bus.

TALLOW is unchanged. Sales of City Rendered at 11@11½c, cash.

TOBACCO—There is very little demand for either Leaf or Manufactured, and for the former prices are rather drooping, while for the finer grades of the latter, holders have been enabled to realize full rates.

WOOL—There is very little movement in this article, and no activity is anticipated until there is some accumulation of stock of the new clip, which has already commenced to come forward. We notice sales of a few mixed lots at 35@37½c ₱ ℔ cash.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

June 4.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour has declined 5@10c; sales of 4500 bbls at $6,50@6,70 for State, $7@7,25 for Ohio, and $7,50@7,60 for Southern. Wheat has a declining dendency; red $1,85@1,90. Corn quiet; mixed nominal at 88c, white sells at 92c. Beef heavy at $11@14. Pork dull at $16,62½ for Mess, and $14,75 for Prime. Whiskey dull at 28c.

CONSTIPATION OF THE BOWELS.

How many of our citizens are suffering from this disease, and expecting to be cured by the use of violent purgatives, which debilitate the system, and cause a return of the disease with increased asperity? Is it not better to have a remedy that will cure, by giving strength and vigor to the bowels, enabling them to perform their functions in a natural manner? Such a remedy is "HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS." It will not purge you, but, by its great invigorating and tonic properties, will give your system a tone that will enable it to perform all its functions in a vigorous and natural manner. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.—We believe there is no medical preparation at present before the public, which has attained such a world-wide popularity as Perry Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer. This great remedy was first introduced in this city, many years ago, by one of its present proprietors, Perry Davis, and from that period to the present time its sale has been constantly and rapidly increasing. Of course such unprecedented success must be attributable solely to the merits of the article, for people are not apt to use medicine of any kind, simply because they entertain a high respect for its inventor. It is true, Messrs. Perry Davis & Son have spared no pains to extend the sale of their invaluable Pain Killer, but it is equally true that such efforts would have proved futile, had not the remedy which they offered to the public possessed all the virtues claimed by the above-named gentlemen—gentlemen who have long been distinguished for their liberality and enterprise.—We rejoice at the success which has thus far crowned Messrs. Davis & Son's laudable efforts to relieve the afflicted, and we hope both gentlemen will live many years to enjoy the fruits of their labors.—*Prov. Advertiser.*

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Martin's Avenue Drove Yard:—38 head I Abrahams, Ohio, 11¼@12; 52 S Rhoden & Co, Berks co, 10@12; 134 E Stephens, Ills 9¼@10¼; 13 J Kahn, Del co, 8@10; 5 J Fellhimer, Bucks co, 9; 19 Hamaker & Co, Lancaster co, 10@11½; 64 W Fuller, Ohio, 10@11½; 15 M Comson, Chester co, 10¼@11½; 28 W Leeds, Cumberland co, 10½@11½; 30 Smith & Mooney, Westmoreland co, 11½@12. Sheep—9000 arrived during the week. Owing to the large supply prices have declined 50c ₱ 100 ℔s from last week.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—11 head W Alexander, Chester co, 10½; 45 Seldomridge, Lancaster co, 11½@12; 4 J Todd, Berks co, 10@12; 37 J McFillen, Chester co, 10@12; 8 Scott & Kimble, do, 10@12, 17 B Hood, do, 11½; 60 Harris, Va, 11.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 4, 1859.

Pennsylvania.		Georgia.	
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis		Solvent banks	½ dis
Relief notes	4-10 dis	South Carolina.	
New Jersey.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks par to ½ dis		Alabama.	
Delaware.		Solv bks	1 to 2 dis
Solv bks par to ½ dis		Mississippi.	
Maryland.		All bks uncertain	
Baltimore	½ dis	Louisiana.	
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	Solv bks	¾ dis
New York.		Ohio.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis		Solv bks	½ dis
Maine.		Kentucky.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
New Hampshire.		Indiana.	
Solv bks	¾ dis	State bank	¾ dis
Vermont.		Illinois.	
Solv bks	¾ dis	Solv bks	3½ dis
Connecticut.		Missouri.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
Massachusetts		Tennessee.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Old banks	2½ dis
Rhode Island.		Michigan.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Virginia.		Wisconsin.	
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Dist. of Columbia		Texas.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
North Carolina.		Canada.	
Solv bks	¾ to 1 dis	Solv bks	1 dis

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. William H. Phillips, to Miss Annie Hunter.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph F. Berg, Mr. W. Howell Rea, to Miss Sallie A. Pilling, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. Charles E. Hales, to Miss Mary A. Tomlin, both of this city.

On the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. J. McDowell, D. D., Mr. Charles J. Green, to Miss Harriett, Devlin, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. G. A. Durborow, Mr. John Detwiler, to Miss Kate K. Keyser, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. Elon G. Lathrop, of Mauch Chunk, to Miss Margaret A. Craig, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. James Steenson, to Miss Priscilla Beidelman, both of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. A. C. Cookman, Mr. Robert J. Hayward, to Miss Maggie M. Robinson, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday, the 25th of May, of pulmonary consumption, after great and protracted suffering, Ida E. youngest daughter of the late Robt. Latta, of Columbia, South Carolina.

How sweet their rest who sleep in Jesus.

On the 31st ultimo, Benjamin Walton, aged 73 years.

On the 31st ultimo, at Gloucester, N. J., Mrs. Sarah W. Andrews, aged 37 years.

On the 31st ultimo, Alva B. Botsford, aged 65 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. Emily, wife of Chas. A. Pulte, Esq. aged 37 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. Catharine May, aged 47 years.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. Mary Megary, aged 73 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Lawrence M. Potts, aged 40 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. Sarah E. wife of Timothy J. Hannan, aged 23 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Rev. John C. Baker, D. D. aged 68 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. Emma M. wife of J. W. Frits, aged 34 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Captain Lewis Robinson, aged 43 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. Martha G. wife of W. L. Leatherbury, aged 37 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Rebecca A. Mansbip, aged 34 years.

BERTINI'S SELF-TEACHING PIANO CATECHISM.

An indispensable Hand Book for Teachers and Scholars. 25 cents. Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

WHISKERS IN SIX WEEKS.—Yes, my magical ONGUENT will force the beard or moustache or hair to grow luxuriantly within that time, without stain or injuring the skin. Price $1. Sent to any address by mail free.

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

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BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
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PHILADELPHIA.

This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the utmost extent.

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years and the inventor has received (over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great Medals of the World's Exhibitions in London and New York. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

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ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7 can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per day can be realized. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO., oct30-tf 41 North Sixth St., Philada.

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A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—On the receipt of $3, the subscriber will send a valuable recipe for the cure of Consumption. This is no catch-penny, but an invaluable remedy for the above disease. It has effected many permanent cures. Address E. BERNAL, Columbus, Burlington County, New Jersey.

☞ *Something New!*
Agents wanted, to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from $15 to $30 weekly. **No Humbug.** *Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free.*
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my21-4t

☞ AGENTS WANTED IN THIS STATE to canvass with the GOLDEN SALVE. Sells rapidly. Can make good pay. For terms, &c., send stamp. C. P. WHITTEN, Lowell, Mass. je4-13t

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These Engravings are each 18 by 32 Inches, and are executed in the highest style of the art, on steel, from the original drawings.

They will be sent to subscribers securely placed on rollers, postage pre-paid, on the receipt of Five Dollars for the pair.

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Gold Hunter Lovers, 18 kt. case, full jeweled	$40
Gold open face Lovers, 18 kt. case, full jeweled	30
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Silver open face Lovers, full jeweled	14
Silver Lepines, open face	9
Gold vest or neck Chains	10

Levi Brown's celebrated Gold Pens from $1 to 3

We can send, *by mail*, Watches or Jewelry to any part of the United States with perfect safety. All orders must be accompanied with the cash. No goods sent unless the money is first received. Call or address LEWIS LADOMUS & CO., 802 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

P

Wit and Humor.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—"Popping the question," which has heretofore proven such a "teaser," to bashful youths in the pursuit of matrimony under difficulties, is likely, after awhile, to be rendered as easy as "rolling off a log." All sorts of methods have, from time to time, been resorted to, to get around this difficult point in courtship—advertising in newspapers, corresponding by letter, negotiating through an agent, &c.—but an improvement has been made upon all these plans lately, as witness the following:

"A few nights back, a small party of ladies and gentlemen were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love, when a gentleman remarked that if he ever offered himself, he would do it in a collected and business-like manner. 'For instance,' he continued, addressing himself to a lady present, 'I would say, Miss S——, I have been two years looking for a wife: I am in the receipt of about a thousand dollars a year from my business, which is daily on the increase; of all the ladies of my acquaintance, I admire you the most; indeed I love you, and would gladly make you my wife.' 'You flatter me by your preference,' good humoredly replied Miss S——, to the surprise of all present; 'I refer you to my father.' 'Bravo!' exclaimed the gentleman. 'Well, I declare,' said the ladies in chorus. The lady and gentleman, good reader, were married soon after."

Wasn't that a modest way of "coming to the point," and a lady-like method, especially during leap-year, of taking a man at his word? Here is another method of "popping the question," quite as cool as the foregoing, though, perhaps, not so commendable in prudish eyes:

"A gentleman was riding with a lady 'all of a summer's day,' and accidentally—men's arms, awkward things, are ever in the way—dropped an arm around her waist. No objection was made for awhile, and the arm gradually relieved the side of the carriage of the pressure upon it. But of a sudden, whether from a late recognition of the impropriety of the thing, or the sight of another beau coming, never was known, the lady started with volcanic energy, and with a flashing eye exclaimed, 'Mr. B——, I can support myself!' 'Capital!' was the instant reply, 'you are just the girl I have been looking for these five years—will you marry me?'"

Speaking of "popping the question," we don't know but it would be fairly in order to "wring in" the following from an exchange:

"Be sure before you commence wooing. Our friends P—— and S—— met one evening at the house of an acquaintance, some young ladies, for one of whom both gentlemen entertained tender feelings. In a spirit of frolic, one of the ladies blew out the lamp, and our two friends, thinking it a favorable moment to make known the state of their feelings to the fair object of their regard, moved seats at the same instant, and placed themselves, as they supposed, by the lady's side, but she had also moved, and the gentlemen were in reality seated next to each other. As our friends could not whisper without betraying their whereabouts, they both gently took, as they thought, the soft little hand of the charmer, and when, after awhile, they ventured to give a gentle pressure, each was surprised to find it returned with an unmistakable squeeze. It may well be imagined, that the moments flew rapidly, in this silent interchange of mutual affection. But the rest, wondering at the unusual silence of the gentlemen, one of them noiselessly stepped out, and suddenly returned with a light; and there sat our friends P—— and S—— most lovingly, squeezing each other's hands, and supreme delight beaming in their eyes. Their consternation and the ecstacy of the ladies may be imagined, but not described. Both gentlemen sloped, and P—— was afterwards heard to say, 'that he thought all the while S——'s hand felt hard.'"

JOKES ABOUT JUDGES.—A Judge having fallen asleep, the President of the Court, who was taking the opinions of his brethren, asked him for his. "Hang him! hang him!" said the roused sleeper. "But it concerns a meadow!" returned the surprised President. "Mow it! mow it!" cried the other. There is a somewhat similar story extant of a Scottish Judge, who, having been asleep, wakened up just as the counsel pleading happened to say, "Now, my lord, there is a lien on the property." "If there is a lion on the property," interrupted the somnolent Judge, to show that he was attending to the case "decidedly it ought to be chained." But here is the last story of the kind we shall offer. A young Judge, newly appointed to an inferior court, having had a cut-purse before him, was told that the criminal should be condemned to lose an ear. He accordingly drew up the sentence himself, and next court-day proceeded to read it: "We have condemned and hereby do condemn the said criminal to have his ear cut off." "Which ear?" asked the prisoner, sharply. The Judge, taken by surprise, replied, touching one of his own ears, "Why, this one." "Very well, very good," said the criminal; "I shall not appeal; and what is more, I will cut it off myself if you like!"

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—Many a glorious speculation has failed for the same good reason that the old American Ranger gave when he was asked why he didn't buy land when it was dog cheap. A correspondent tells the story:

"'Well, I did come nigh onto taking eight thousand acres onest,' said old Joe, mournfully. 'You see, two of the boys came in one day from an Indian hunt, without any shoes, and offered me their titles to the two leagues just below here for a pair of boots.'

"'For a pair of boots!' I cried out.

"'Yes, for a pair of boots for each league.'

"'But why, on earth, didn't you take it? They'd be worth a hundred thousand dollars to-day. Why didn't you give them the boots?'

"'Jest 'cause I didn't have the boots to give,' said old Joe, as he took another chew of tobacco, quite as contented as if he owned two leagues of the land."

☞ Empty-headed people are generally happy; cork always floats.

A HARD SUBJECT.—An "Old Soaker," who lives in Weston, Missouri, took it into his head one day, and very sensibly too, that it was about time for him to be considering his probable future condition, and forthwith repaired to the Rev. Mr. B——, the respected pastor of the Baptist denomination of the town aforesaid, to obtain light. He was received with urbanity, and forthwith the following dialogue ensued:

Old S.—It's your doctrine, boss, that a feller to be saved must suffer immurshun, isn't it?

Mr. B.—Yes, Mr. S., it is a fundamental doctrine of our church, that a man, to be regenerated, must repent of his sins, and be immersed.

Old S.—Well, boss, after repentin' of his sins, and bein' slid under, if he flashes in the pan, then what?

Mr. B.—Although back sliding is much to be deplored, still, if he sincerely repents of his sins, and is again immersed, the church will receive him again.

Old S.—Well, s'pose he ag'in kicks out of the traces after the second time, (for you know what critters there are in this world, boss,) then what's to pay?

Mr. B.—Notwithstanding all this, if he will seriously repent, and solemnly promise to amend his future life, the church will again receive him into its bosom, after being immersed.

Old S., (after a few moments of deep thought) proposes the closing interrogatory—Well, boss, wouldn't it be a blasted good idea to keep sich fellers in soak all the time?

Our informant did not say whether old B. joined the church or not, but we incline to the opinion that if he did, the chances were pretty good for his being "kept in soak all the time."

ANECDOTE OF LABLACHE.—Poor Lablache was absent-minded enough at times. One day the King of Naples summoned him to the Palace. Lablache obeyed, and stood waiting his turn of audience in the drawing-room, which preceded His Majesty's closet. It was full of courtiers, who all knew him, and flocked around him to enjoy the brilliant conversation of the great singer; for Lablache was a thoroughly educated and intellectual man. As he had a bad cold, he asked permission of the gentlemen present to keep his hat on, which was, of course, instantly granted. The conversation was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of an usher, who told Lablache the King was waiting for him. Lablache took up a hat and walked rapidly towards the King's closet, which he entered, bowing and scraping, persuaded his manners were most courtly. The moment the King saw him he roared with laughter. Lablache blushed and felt exceedingly awkward. "My dear Lablache," said the King, "what in the deuce are you going to do with the hat I see you hold in your hand?" "I beg ten thousand pardons, Sire, I—really, do not—understand Your Majesty?" "I beg *your* pardon, my dear fellow, for I cannot see what use you can make of the hat you hold in your hand." "Why—Sire—I wear it." Lablache, joining pantomime to speech, attempted to put the hat on his head. The hat in his hand struck the hat on his head, and for several minutes Lablache did not know what to make of it; then he recollected how the mistake occurred, and begged the King's pardon, but the King was laughing so heartily he could hear nothing, and Lablache joined His Majesty's laughter.

MY FIRST LOVE.

A maiden once I chanced to know
With beauty superhuman;
"Her voice was gentle, soft and low"—
That "excellent thing in woman."

We traced together mountain streams,
And, when the stars were shining,
We talked of poetry and dreams—
Their mysteries divining.

I felt that fate no grief could give
Like passion unrequited,
And that I could no longer live
Unless we were united!

I breathed my love—her hand I pressed—
While she, her eyes averting,
Returned the pressure and confessed
That she *was—only flirting!*

Agricultural.

CLEARING AND IMPROVING MARSHES

The subject of reclaiming swamps by surface and underdraining, has recently been alluded to in our columns, and we now propose to offer a few hints on the best method of clearing bogs and marshes, and of bringing the same into a permanently productive state. In most parts of the country such land is to be found in considerable quantities; hence we need no excuse for bringing the subject repeatedly before our readers.

Some few years since, an eastern agricultural society offered several premiums, extending through a course of years, for experiments in clearing and improving marshes, and afterwards reported at some length thereon. It is interesting as showing the cost of bringing boggy marshes into cultivation, and also as presenting the views of practical and well informed men on the best means of accomplishing the same.

As to *clearing*, after a careful examination for several successive seasons, of the half-score of entries of lands, the committee came to the conclusion that the most effectual and thorough process on very wet soils, with a vegetation of small bushes and coarse grasses, was,

1st. To thoroughly drain the land, as far as it could be done by frequent ditches; and

2d. To float or cut off the whole surface of the ground, and piling it in winrows, let it dry, and then burn the whole to ashes.

This method, taking all things into account, they believed to be more economical than that generally practised, of cutting off the bogs and brush, and then subduing the coarse vegetation by frequent ploughings and harrowings. It was found exceedingly difficult to reclaim the soil from its original products by the latter process. By paring and burning, on the contrary, the coarser materials of the land were at once reduced by fire, and afforded a valuable and much needed amendment, in their abundant ashes. The surface, with slightly ploughing or thoroughly harrowing, was much earlier prepared for a crop than by the other method, gaining one or two years out of three or four, in the use and production of the land, over that of subduing by the plough.

In a number of examples given, the cost of clearing and thoroughly subduing by this process was about $20 per acre. The crops for three years paid all expenses and more, and the land would remain equally productive for a long time, with proper treatment.

If a marsh has much depth of muck and cannot be drained *thoroughly*, we find that after a few years it will settle down nearer the water line, and in the moister spots wild grasses will displace the cultivated ones. If an outlet can be had, the most efficient remedy will be to deepen the drains, plough and reseed to grass, and if at the same time, a top-dressing of sandy loam be applied, the results will be more satisfactory. The grass will have a better character than on muck alone, and will be less likely to become "run out" by coarser herbage.

No doubt many of our farming readers have had experience in clearing marshes, the relation of which would encourage others to engage in this work of improvement. We hope that whenever their leisure allows, they will favor us with articles on this and other subjects of interest.—*Country Gentleman.*

PREPARING WOOL FOR MARKET.

[The following valuable article on this important subject, is from the pen of one of the pioneer farmers of Western New York—Hector Hitchcock, Esq., of South Livonia, who has for some thirty years, made wool growing a prominent and profitable branch of business. It may be proper to add that Mr. H. keeps several hundred Spanish Merino Sheep:]

How Should Wool be Prepared for Market?

This is a very important question, both for the wool grower and manufacturer. There are three ways of doing it. The easiest and best, is that recommended a few years ago by Messrs. Perkins & Brown, of Ohio, of wetting the sheep and allowing them to stand in the yard until they have become warm,—when the oil becomes "soapy," requiring but little labor afterwards to wash them entirely clean, and shear in three days, or as soon as dry. Another way is to wash without the "soaking and warming" process—the way usually practiced—leaving a large proportion of oil in the fleece, and allowing them to run from one to two weeks before being sheared. The third is to shear without washing.

The wool through the country is usually bought by small speculators, or by agents of manufacturers, generally at a commission of one cent per pound, with directions to get up a lot at an average stipulated price for each particular locality. The wool of different sections has in each a distinctive character, and is known in market as Vermont wool, Michigan wool, &c. If the buyer finds it necessary to pay one man for a bad lot ten cents a pound more than it is worth, in order to make his cent a pound, he must, as a matter of course, buy of the next, who has a choice lot in good condition, for ten cents less than it is worth, and the thing is accomplished. The manufacturer gets his wool at a price satisfactory to himself, and the buyer gets his cent a pound. The operation of this average principle affords poor encouragement for preparing a choice lot of wool for market, when $100 from the value of every 1,000 pounds is to be put into the pockets of another as a premium for his slovenly management.

I have no hesitation in saying that all wool growers whose clip is sufficiently large to enable them to sell directly to the manufacturer, should prepare in the way first mentioned. The washing and shearing requires less labor and time—the wool has an appearance and character of which the owner may justly be proud—and there can be no apology or reason for refusing a fair price for the clip. But for the small wool grower, who is compelled to sell to the speculator or agent, the matter is entirely different. The writer of this article, with a desire of having his wool in the best condition, and in the expectation of receiving a price that would be satisfactory, followed that method three years, when he found to his cost that, instead of having a desirable lot of wool in market, it was difficult to find a purchaser. When the buyers were scouring the country, the question was often asked them, "Have you bought H——'s wool?" "Oh, no; he has a very choice lot, and it ought to bring what he asks for it—but we are not authorized to pay so high a price *for any* wool"—and the consequence was, he has been forced to leave in the usual quantity of grease and gum to make it *merchantable.*

S. H. Manon, of Ohio, in an article in the April number of the *Wool Grower*, suggests the propriety of shearing without washing, on account of injury and loss of sheep sustained by him and others from its effects. No doubt the loss sustained was caused by washing, but not necessarily so. It may be accounted for in this way:—being anxious to wash clean, they were kept in the water too long. Had he followed the "soaking and warming" process, the very short time required to keep them in the water, would not have produced that result.

The practice of shearing in the dirt would be liable to serious objections. By many the value of sheep would be estimated by the quanty of grease and dirt they would shear—frauds and deceptions would with greater difficulty be detected—the character of American wool would be greatly depreciated, and even the extra expense for freight in transporting to market would not be a small item in the account.

But the question *is*—How should Wool be Prepared for Market? The answer may be given—whether the method first described should be followed, or the usual way of washing and shearing, there should be uniformity in doing it in each locality depending upon the same market. As the oil cannot be taken out by the common method of washing without injury to the sheep, they may be considered clean when the water runs clear from the fleece, and should not (unless prevented by bad weather) be allowed more than six or eight days before shearing. In doing up the fleece, all the washed wool belonging to it should be rolled up in such manner as to give it the best appearance. There is no fraud in this, as it is not only expected but desired by the purchaser. The practice of using an unnecessary quantity of twine, because there is profit in it, or of rolling in manure and filth, cannot be too strongly condemned. Let there be uniformity in each locality, and a consciousness of having done it honestly, in all who prepare wool for market, and all will be right.—*Rural New Yorker.*

LUMPS ON THE JAWS OF CATTLE.—Last spring I had a cow that had a holdfast on her jaw. It was about the size of a hen's egg when I first discovered it, and on examining it I found it was very hard, and fast to the bone. On showing it to one of my neighbors, we came to the conclusion that I should have to turn her dry and fit her for the butcher. I was very sorry to think that I must part with her, for she was an excellent cow. Having been a reader of The Cultivator for the last eighteen years, I thought I would look them over, and see what I could find that might enlighten me on the subject, and finding a receipt for a liniment for swellings on animals, recommended by A. Willard, Jr., of Hartford, I thought I would try it. It consisted of the following articles, viz.:—

Half an ounce of Spirits Hartshorn.
One gill Spirits Turpentine.
Half a pint Sweet Oil.
Two ounces Gum Camphor.
One pint of Alcohol.

Dissolve the Camphor in the Alcohol, and then mix all the ingredients together.

I commenced applying the mixture once a day, and rubbing briskly with the hand. In about ten days it became loose from the jaw, and in two weeks more it became soft, and I opened it, and it discharged freely for a number of days. I kept up the use of the liniment daily, and in a short time it healed up sound, and is now as well as the other jaw.—*Albany Cultivator.*

☞ The late comet was a good deal like the productions of some of our three volume novelists—a long tail from a small head.

RATHER A HARD HIT.

LADY.—"And so you go to a boarding school, do you?"

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—"Oh, no, I go to college."

LADY.—College! Rather pleasant, is it not?"

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—"Hum!—haw! pretty well, but then I can't get on without female society!"

LADY.—"Dear! dear! Pity you don't go to a girls' school, then!"

"CESSPOOL DRAINS."

The arrangement proposed of carrying the house slops through the privy vault, would make an intolerable nuisance. I have tried it under very favorable circumstances—with a fall of some twenty feet. Even if the *solids* were retained and protected by some deodorizing agent, the passage for the slops would soon become foul, and whenever warm water was passed into it, would send up a most offensive steam, keeping a reeking dampness about the seats.

After several experiments, I have at last succeeded in an unexceptionable privy arrangement—one entirely *inoffensive.* Under the apartment make a walled and cemented cellar, say six feet deep, with a recess say five feet square, running out on the least exposed side of the building, and cover this recess with a close battened door, lying flat, to be raised when the cellar requires cleaning. The bottom and sides of the vault should be thoroughly cemented, that there may be no earth to become saturated with offensive matter. Before it is used, cover the bottom with wood or coal ashes, and make this the receptacle of *all the ashes,*—wood and coal—that are made in the house. Empty no slops *of any kind* into the vault, and ordinarily you will find the apartment as *sweet as* any room in your house. Should there be in summer a lack of ashes, a quart or two of plaster thrown in daily, will keep it right. It may be cleaned out once a year, and will afford a most valuable and easily handled addition to your compost heap.

This arrangement will often make it practicable to place the privy in the corner of a wood-house, or barn, or even in the kitchen wing of the dwelling house, and thus avoid the always unsightly building, specially appropriated.—*Cor. of Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

SUNDRY USEFUL RECEIPTS.—A hot shovel held over varnished furniture, will take out white spots.

A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk and water, will restore old crape.

Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold soap-suds, and not rinsed.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them well with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

Oat straw is the best for filling beds; it should be changed once a year.

If you are buying a carpet for durability, choose small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent their creaking.

Scotch snuff put on holes where crickets come out will destroy them.

Wood ashes and common salt, wet with water, will stop the cracks of a stove, and prevent the smoke from escaping.

A gallon of strong lye put in a barrel of hard water, will make it as soft as rain water.

Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it.

In winter set the handle of your pump as high as possible at night, or throw a blanket over it.

TO DRY GUNPOWDER.—Unscrew the head of the flask and immerse it up to the neck in boiling water, and keep it there for a quarter of an hour. Occasionally take it out, shake it and replace it. This will dry the powder as well as a fire, without danger of igniting it.—*London Field.*

BROWN REINS.—"What is the best method of cleansing new brown driving reins to make them retain their proper color?" Wash them with a sponge and clean water, and when dry rub them with deer's suet, or if that is not at hand, with a very small portion of neat's-foot oil.—*London Field.*

CREAM CHEESE.—The following are two recipes: Take a quart of cream, or, if not desired very rich, add thereto one pint of new milk; warm it in hot water till it is about the heat of milk from the cow, add a small quantity of rennet (a tablespoonful is sufficient), let it stand till thick, then break it slightly with a spoon, and place it in the frame in which you have previously put a fine canvas cloth; press it slightly with a weight; let it stand a few hours, then put a finer cloth in the frame; a little powdered salt may be put over the cloth. It will be fit for use in a day or two. *Another Method.*—If cream is scarce, so that a sufficient quantity cannot be had at once, take a fine canvas bag, and pour as much cream as you may happen to have into it, adding additional small quantities of ice a day, and from its becoming naturally sour, the thin part will drain through the canvas, and the remainder will prove an excellent cheese. If one quart of cream can be had at once, and poured into a fine canvas bag, it will make a nice sized cheese, and of course equally good as those made by several small quantities added at convenient intervals. The cheeses made in this way are not fit for use so soon as those made with rennet.—*London Agricultural Gazette.*

TO MEND BROKEN CHINA.—Take a very thick solution of gum Arabic in water, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes a viscous paste. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges, and stick them together. In three days the article cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

SATAN'S MARKS IN THE SWINE.—A few days since, in going into my back-yard, where a freshly killed pig had just been hung up, a man who knew I was curious in such matters, said, "There, now, there's the mark as Satan made in the herd of swine before they ran down the cliffs into the sea," pointing to five dark marks on the skin of the inside of each foreleg. On my questioning him, he assured me he had never seen a pig without them (I have since looked at five, and they had the same); and he said the tradition was that all swine had them ever since the casting out of the devils which destroyed the herd in the sea. My queries are, does this mark always exist? How do anatomists account for it?—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ AGRICULTURAL.—It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife, to rake up old quarrels, to hoe a grudge, and to sow discord.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 49 letters.
My 5, 14, 23, 30, 47, 40, 15, 7, 27, is a city in Europe.
My 33, 29, 25, 35, 44, 49, 10, is a city in Asia.
My 12, 3, 16, 48, 32, is a city in Africa.
My 6, 18, 28, 38, 1, 25, 9, 41, 36, 29, is a city in North America.
My 18, 42, 26, 2, 45, 8, 34, 49, is a city in South America.
My 11, 30, 38, 9, 27, 17, 39, 48, 13, is a University in Europe.
My 19, 4, 31, 37, 44, 46, 17, 21, 24, 15, is a celebrated mountain.
My 8, 3, 17, 43, 30, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 18, 7, 26, 22, 34, 17, 23, 36, is a town in Illinois.
My whole is a celebrated work of art.

Sheffield, Pa. CHASE.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.
My 12, 9, 19, 3, 28, 2, is a noted city in Arabia.
My 36, 4, 19, 29, 14, is a river in Sweden.
My 31, 27, 33, 17, 2, 8, 24, 39, is a range of mountains in Russia.
My 14, 44, 40, 23, 7, 4, is a city in Portugal.
My 17, 11, 16, 12, 10, 14, 29, 44, 34, is a lake in New York.
My 35, 11, 13, 37, 20, 39, is a river in England.
My 5, 2, 35, 14, 41, 43, is a county in Iowa.
My 34, 42, 15, 25, 9, 1, is a river in Texas.
My 21, 18, 6, 32, 43, 25, 2, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 37, 33, 43, 43, 18, 22, is a firth in Scotland.
My 12, 18, 36, is an island in the Irish Sea.
My 26, 24, 43, 7, 4, is one of the chain of lakes North of the United States.
My whole is one of the best institutions of learning in the West. DAISY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 1st is a letter denoting a cardinal number.
My 1st and 2nd is an ejaculation of surprise.
My 1st, 2nd and 3rd, is an abbreviation of a girl's name.
My 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th, was an unfortunate French King.
My 1st, 2nd, 6th and 10th, is the supreme attribute of the Deity.
My 1st, 4th, 6th and 10th, is what we all desire to do.
My 1st, 4th and 10th, is false.
My 1st, 2nd, 5th and 10th, is what we all dislike to do.
My 1st, 4th, 10th and 3rd, signifies in place of.
My 2nd, 8th 4th, 6th and 10th, is a lady's name.
My 2nd and 5th, is an abbreviation of old style.
My 3rd and 5th, is a pronoun plural.
My 4th and 5th, signifies to be.
My 2nd, 7th and 1st, is an oleaginous substance.
My 6th and 7th, is a Latin word signifying force.
My 6th, 4th, 8th and 10th, is contemptible.
My 6th, 7th and 10th, is to contend.
My 6th, 7th, 9th, 8th and 10th, is a town.
My 10th, 8th and 9th, is a measure.
My 10th, 6th, 4th and 1st, is sin.
My 6th, 10th, 7th and 9th, is a covering for the face.
My whole is a flourishing city in the West.

New Providence, Tenn. HARRY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Many a boy my first has felt—
Dispute you'll not, I've reckoned;
And there are many in the world,
Who surely are my second.

My third is no uncommon name;
And if you're duly wise,
My whole you'll ascertain to be
A little bird that flies.

Napier, Scott County, Ill. J. SIMMONS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is quite a common fish,
And when well cooked a first rate dish;
My second you will always see
On top of any house or tree;
My whole would many like to scan,
Thus hath it ever been with man.

Waupun, Wis. FLORIDA.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The product of the logarithms of two numbers is 6, and the square of the greater number is equal to the cube of the less. Required—the numbers?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a boatman like a Baltimore fireman? Ans.—Because they both go in for a row.

☞ What is the difference between a man who keeps dogs, and one who has nine walkings sticks? Ans.—One own canines, and the other nine canes.

☞ What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Ans.—Water.

☞ How many sides has a round plum pudding? Ans.—Two—inside and outside.

☞ Why is the sofa that your father is sitting on, like most railroad stock? Ans.—Because it is below par.

☞ A SAVAGE INSINUATION.—Why is a lady who, dressed after the present extensively-followed fashion, fulfills her promise of meeting you in the Arcade—(the reader is requested to pause here, and take breath)—like a band of North American Indians rushing to the fight? Ans.—Because she goes to her engagement with (w)hoops!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Hunger is the best sauce. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Bosworth, Culloden, Trafalgar, Germantown, Chippewa, Eutaw Springs. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Illinois, Springfield. CHARADE—English-Ell. CHARADE—Sheboygan (She-boy-gan). RIDDLE—Scrape. ANAGRAMS—Remarkable, Remunerations, Consequences, Experiments, Deferential, Characters, Complimentary, Condescension, International, Lamentable, Metropolis, Atmosphere. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—1,000 miles.

☞ A man once asked a company of little boys what they were good for? One little fellow very promptly answered: "We are good to make men of."